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HOUSE OF COMMONS' STEEPLECHASE AT RUGBY, MARCH 29.—RUSH AT THE FIRST FENCE: MR. A. E. PEASE, M.P., LEADING WITH NORAH CREINA.

OUR NOTE BOOK

BY JAMES PAYN.

In an appreciative review of Miss Austen's works the *Spectator* has gone out of its way—generally an especially fair and reasonable one—to cast a stone at those whose literary tastes do not happen to correspond with its own. "When the anti-Austenites," it says, "take the trouble to read a book at all, they want something"—that is, in fact, not life—"to remember in their dreams." This is, surely, we will not say offensive—for the *Spectator* is incapable of being so—but very uncharitable. Why cannot it be contented with giving its reasons for admiration of an acknowledged British classic without running amuck at those who do not admire her? "We cannot all be tailors," and those who choose other trades should not be trampled upon on that account. Whenever this antagonistic style is found in a writer who is not a mere ignoramus—which, of course, is far from being the case in the present instance—we may be sure that it arises from an uneasy sense of his own want of confidence in his idol. It is not the Pietist, but he who would make up for lack of faith by angry zeal, who is the Persecutor! As for advocates or opponents of the claims of this and that established author, it is easy enough to find them. Sir Walter Scott, who, the *Spectator* reminds us, admired Miss Austen's works, delighted also in those of Miss Joanna Baillie. Macaulay, who is also put in the witness-box to prove (?) its case, could see nothing in "Martin Chuzzlewit." Charlotte Brontë, on the other hand, thought Miss Austen "commonplace." She did not deny, of course, her gift of photographing individuals from the life, but ventured to say (as others would do if they were not afraid of having their noses cut off by the *Spectator*) that, being contemptible and vulgar in themselves, they had no interest for her. "A carefully fenced, highly cultivated garden," she calls "Pride and Prejudice," "with neat borders, but with no glance of a bright vivid physiognomy, no open country, no fresh air." Except in the case of very all-round students, such as Leigh Hunt, a universal appreciation even of good literature is indeed not to be looked for. Happy are they whose taste is the most catholic. But the attempt to drag people into liking authors for whom they have no fancy—"to give them two black eyes for being blind"—though it is very tempting (and, for my part, I wish most sincerely it *could* be done), is ridiculous. The fact is, the only opinion in such matters of the least consequence to the reader is his own.

The art-world is greatly outraged at the behaviour of a too enthusiastic purchaser at "Christie's," and elsewhere, who has been bidding large sums for various masterpieces without having the money to pay for them. It denounces him as a lunatic, and seems to think the stars have gone out of their courses (not to say, the moon) to make him one. It should remember, however, that very much higher prices have been actually paid for pictures, by persons whom the event has proved to be quite wrong, if not in their heads, at all events in their calculations; so that after all this little misfortune only tends to "restore the average." In literature nothing is more common than for "enterprising" publishers (of whom there are a good many about) to offer comparatively large sums—for serial stories, for example—the payment of which is indefinitely postponed, and, in fact, never takes place. But if the poor author asks, "Why don't the heavens fall?" he meets, not with aesthetic sympathy, but derision. Moreover, Wardour-street has the pull of Grub-street, inasmuch as the pictures can be put up for sale again, and the serial cannot.

It seems strange in the case of the Crewe murder that there was no other reason for the recommendation to mercy of the convicts than their youth. Of course no provocation could excuse it, but there were surely mitigating circumstances in the cruelty with which they were treated by their worthless victim. The jury, of course, were adults, fathers and not children; and, if the crime had been "the other way," it is pretty certain that extenuation would have been found for it. It is very unusual for any "Lesson to Fathers" to be publicly administered (Wordsworth's little effort in that direction is acknowledged to be extremely feeble), while sons have their duty continually insisted upon. Nobody, I hope, will accuse me of defending parricide, which, moreover, in my case would be suicidal; but a man has no more right to ill-treat those he has brought into the world (nor are they under such great obligations to him for so doing as is generally taken for granted) than other people. In old times, it is true, no amount of horrible ill-usage from a father, not even the sacred right of self-defence, was allowed to mitigate the sin of raising a hand against him: the offender "having been scourged, was sewn up in a leathern sack with a live dog, a cock, a viper, and an ape, and cast into the sea"; but that was done under a "paternal Government." Brutus was extremely applauded (by the conscript fathers) for his patriotic conduct; but it has not been sufficiently taken into account that his own name was down on the list of the proscribed found in his sons' pockets; and the consideration of what they would have done to him had they got the upper hand may, perhaps, have caused him to lean to the side of Justice rather than of Mercy.

In modern times, to their credit, parricide has been a crime almost as rare as it is shocking; but among the ancients, notwithstanding Solon's well-known refusal to make a special law against "monsters," there were many instances of it. Lucius Ostius, "a person fated to be detested through all ages," says his biographer (who did not foresee that only a very few people would ever hear of him), is supposed to be the first man who killed his father, and Publius Malledus, Livy tells us, the first who killed his mother. Tullia and Nero were mere imitators—though, by reason of their high rank and of making the worst of their opportunities, they have

a greater infamy. Perhaps the most dramatic account of the attempted commission of this crime, for it was never accomplished (though not for want of many trials, extending over many years), was the case of the wicked young Duke of Guelders and his father, Duke Arnold. "I have often seen them both together, pleading their respective causes in the Duke of Burgundy's chamber," writes Comines, "and once I saw the old man offer combat to his son." This young man seems to have had very little to complain of in his father, except that "he had reigned for forty-four years," and that it was high time (as an old joke, though not invented at that date, has it) that he should "muzzle"; but the Pope, the Emperor, and the Duke of Burgundy, who were all called in as mediators, could never make up their minds to punish the lad, who was a *persona grata* with them. It is pleasant even now to read that he was "miserably slain in a skirmish," in evident retribution, as the chronicler informs us, for his impiety to his parent.

"The International Waiters' Section of the National Federation of all Trades and Industries" is not, it seems, from the inquiries of the *New York Herald*, so important a society as its title would suggest, but its object—that of the abolition of the tip system—is curious enough to make it noteworthy. One would as soon expect our schoolboys to institute a similar agitation. For my part, I am wholly opposed to it, since to do away with such gratuities would be a premium upon incivility and neglect, or, at best, would discourage those obliging manners which are always appreciated by the guest, and tend to give the hotel some similitude to the home. Where the waiters may be in the right is in their complaint that in spite of the enormous charges now made for "attendance" in the bill—in many cases as much as two shillings a day—they are underpaid by their employers, and still have to look to tips for their chief source of income. A man and his wife staying at a first-class hotel are expected to give fourteen shillings a week, which is at the rate of thirty-six pounds a year, for "attendance" to the landlord. Yet it is what he is bound to furnish, and he has no more right to charge them for it than for his spirit license. I am old enough to remember when no such charge was ever made in an hotel bill. We owe its appearance there to the well-meaning suggestion of Mr. Albert Smith that that dreadful ducking of the head and extension of the palm of every member of the household which used to harass the departing guest should be done away with by a "fixed charge" for their services. He did not foresee that after the fixed charge was made these significant appeals for "backsheesh" would still continue. The guest of "blood and iron" may, it is true, ignore them upon the firm and reasonable ground that he has already satisfied, or at least paid, all these cormorants, but the milder traveller is unable to resist their dumb but eloquent petitions. He has not only a dislike to be thought "mean," but he is also conscious of obligation: "a friend must show himself friendly," and he feels that he owes something to the friendly waiter. It is a parallel case to that of the obliging railway guard, with this great difference, that the railway company does *not* make any charge for attendance. Retrogression in social matters is always difficult, but, in my opinion, the old system of leaving the landlord to pay his servants' wages, like everybody else, and the guest to remunerate them according to their deserts, was a much better one than the present. Whether the grievances of the waiters as regards their employers are well founded or not, the guest has no means of judging; but he himself has certainly a grievance, since he pays twice over for the same thing. Moreover, it is a growing evil. Twenty years ago the charge for attendance was a shilling a day; ten years ago it was eighteenpence; while at present—at the same hotel—it is now often two shillings. Such a system, except in special cases, is "prohibitive," and there is little wonder that, while a few hotels make ten per cent, a good many more go into bankruptcy.

The Earl of Warwick has been prosecuting a "tripper" for inscribing the name of his lady-love on the battlements of Guy's Tower. The name, doubtless from motives of delicacy, is suppressed, but it might make some difference if it was Mary Jane or Susan: the historical sentiment would be more outraged than if it were Edith or Clotilda. Of course it was a wrong and vulgar thing to do: if it had been his own name, the offender should clearly have been placed "in the lowest dungeon beneath the castle moat," or even been decapitated and his head thrown to the jackdaws; but, since it was the name of his "beloved object," Romance must plead for him a little. It is dreadful, no doubt, when you want to throw yourself back for half a dozen centuries, and feel feudal, or (what is far easier) mediæval, to be confronted with a modern name, very ill carved and possibly ill spelt; but all women are heroines in their lovers' eyes, as "all soldiers are [in theory] gentlemen." I am not sure that it was quite "pretty" in the Earl to summons this amateur engraver. Dear, large-hearted Leigh Hunt tells us that when we see "John Jones" cut on a bench or a tree, we are not necessarily to set it down to vulgarity: it may be "the natural desire to achieve such immortality as may be within his reach," even by climbing. The poet sings with approbation of the criminal—

Who carved his name on the dungeon stone
With his chisel so fine, tra la!

Indeed, some of the most interesting inscriptions in the world are found cut on the walls of old prisons. Sometimes the artist, especially when under sentence of death, has not a knife, far less a chisel, to cut with. Jerry Abershaw, who was a very famous "gentleman of the road" in his time, but had the misfortune to "shoot a peace officer," had neither knife nor nail, but during his last hours occupied himself with painting, "with the juice of black cherries," on the whitewashed walls of his cells, various stirring scenes in his carthy career. One of them was especially admired. It represented him standing in front of a chaise and pair, and

presenting a pistol at a post-boy, with the words, "D—n your eyes, stop!" issuing out of his mouth, in the simple but graphic manner used by mediæval painters. When poor Jerry had his mortal coil shuffled off for him (by another coil), half the fine ladies in London came to look at his wall paintings.

The hare, it seems, in spite of his "many friends," is threatened with extinction. The solicitude about him would, perhaps, be more gratifying to his feelings if it were not chiefly manifested by sportsmen, but all lovers of harmless animals and country scenes should bestir themselves for his preservation. It does not require the tender-heartedness of a Cowper to sympathise with poor puss. All birds—except, indeed, the oofbird—have their close times, and why not the hare? At one time he increased and multiplied, because, says the "Harleian Miscellany," like—

The great fat crow,
No one did eat him where'er he might go,

since his flesh was supposed to breed melancholy. But, as superstition vanished, and red-currant jelly was discovered, he became a favourite food. Mother Shipton warns us that "when hares come to kennel on our hearthstones" (through the persecution, one concludes, of man), "it will be an evil day for England": and so it will, for it will prove our love of slaughter and of greed. Whether the gentle creatures return to their forms to die, as is the poetical belief, is doubtful; but men kill them now in their forms without compunction, which it was once held very "bad form" to do. They don't even let the poor rabbit (the hare's first cousin) have a run for his life, but "course" him with terriers within a ring fence without a hole in it, and no one can stop the brutal blackguards, because rabbits, the lawyers tell us, are "not protected by the Act." Mr. Bumble and I have many little points of difference, but when he says "The law is a *hass*" I recognise his intelligence.

We are told that it is now getting to be a favourite plan with the dispensers of patronage, especially in the case of the "best places," to give them to those who don't ask for them. This narrows the area of distribution a good deal, for there is nothing worth having—not even a V.C.—for which some people will not apply. Other things being equal, the system seems a good one, apart from the encouragement which it affords to modest merit: for though, as has been well said, for every friend you make by giving him a post, you make a hundred enemies, you are no worse off than before in resisting all importunities, and giving it to some fellow who never bothered you; while he, on his part, will probably be more grateful to you for his unexpected preferment, than the man who, from the fact of having asked for it, seems to have a claim to it beforehand. There are still (alas!), however, some very meritorious persons in the world—men of principle, but without interest—who might just as well ask for things as not, so far as any chance of getting them is concerned.—But this is egotism, and must be pursued no further.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS' STEEPLECHASE.

The "point-to-point steeplechase," between gentlemen riders who are members of the House of Commons, has taken place this year with improved arrangements, and was a successful affair. The riders, upon this occasion, were divided into two classes, the one carrying 14 st. and the other 12 st. In answer to the invitation, fifteen members sent in their names, nine entering for the 12-st. and six for the heavier class. The preliminary arrangements were entrusted to Mr. T. H. Ashton, Master of the North Warwickshire Hunt, Captain David Beatty, and Mr. R. A. Yerburgh; and they laid out a very suitable course, easy of access, the starting and finishing points being within two miles of Rugby Station. The race came off on Saturday, March 29, in beautiful weather, attracting a large number of visitors to the vicinity of the winning-post, among whom were the Countess of Romney, the Hon. Robert Spencer, Mr. Montagu Guest, Mr. Henry Chaplin, Sir John and Lady Hay, Mr. Ashton, M.F.H., Mr. Benn, Sir H. Selwin-Ibbetson, Mr. Smith-Barry, Mr. Panmure Gordon and party, Lord Braye, Sir Peyton Skipworth, Colonel Caldecott, Mr. Richard Power, and many representatives of the county families and of the hunting parties staying in the neighbourhood.

It was just after two o'clock when the following field placed themselves under the orders of the starter, having previously weighed out at Captain Beatty's house in Rugby:—

Fourteen-stone class: Mr. W. H. Long's Crusader, the Hon. George Windham's mare Daffodil, Mr. Cyril Flower's No Name, all ridden by the owners; Mr. R. T. Hermon-Hodge's The Don, ridden by Mr. Jarvis; and Mr. H. L. W. Lawson's Hedgehog, ridden by the owner. Twelve-stone class: Mr. Elliott Lees's Damon and Mr. A. E. Pease's grey mare Norah Creina, ridden by the owners; Mr. R. T. Hermon-Hodge's mare Lady Evelyn, ridden by Lord E. Hamilton; and Sir Savile Crossley's Chaff, Mr. R. T. Hermon-Hodge's Hartlebury, Mr. F. B. Mildmay's mare Discretion, Mr. R. A. Yerburgh's Schoolboy, and Mr. P. A. Muntz's brown mare Duchess, all ridden by the owners. A notable incident was that of Mr. Philip Muntz electing to ride in the twelve-stone class, and declaring an overweight of 4½ st. for the purpose of so doing. In explanation, it may be stated that Mr. Muntz has hunted for many years in this country, and, disdaining to take any advantage of his knowledge of it, in a chivalrous manner handicapped himself at two stone.

The race was a good one. Mr. Pease, with Norah Creina, led directly the flag fell, and, forcing the pace, was soon a hundred yards in front, his nearest attendants being Sir Savile Crossley, Mr. Elliott Lees, and Mr. Muntz. At the first fence Mr. Long came down, but soon remounted, and went on in pursuit. In crossing the brook Mr. Mildmay came down, and, his horse refusing at the road, he was practically out of the race. Just before reaching the road Mr. Jarvis came to grief, and when on the ground sustained a kick in the face from his horse. He, however, pluckily remounted, and went after the leaders. When about a quarter of a mile from home Mr. Lees challenged Mr. Pease for the lead, and, soon getting the better of the gallant grey, ran home a clever winner by several lengths. Mr. Pease was second, Lord Ernest Hamilton third, Mr. Hodge fourth, and Mr. Muntz fifth. Next in order came Mr. Walter Long, who was the first of the heavy-weights to complete the course.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Nov. 14, 1889) of Mr. Philip Falk, late of 23, Palace-gardens, Kensington, who died on Feb. 1 last, was proved on March 25 by Mrs. Sarah Falk, the widow, one of the executors. The testator bequeaths £200 each to the Jews' Hospital and Orphan Asylum (West Norwood) and the Jews' Free School (Bell-lane, Spitalfields); £100 each to the Jewish Home, formerly the Jewish Workhouse (Stepney-green), the Home for the Jewish Deaf and Dumb (Nottingham), the Jews' Infant School (Commercial-street, Whitechapel), the Jews' College (Favistock-square), the Manchester Jewish Board of Guardians, the Manchester Jewish Industrial Fund affiliated to the Manchester Jewish Board of Guardians, the Manchester Jews' Schools, the wardens and treasurer of the Old Hebrew Congregation (York-street, Cheetham), and to the wardens and treasurer of the Jewish Congregation at Kolmar, in Posen, Prussia; and £50 each to the Society for Relieving the Aged Needy of the Jewish Faith, the Institution for the Relief of the Indigent Blind of the Jewish Persuasion (Duke-street, Aldgate), the Jewish Working Men's Club and Lads' Institute (Great Alie-street, Aldgate), the Jews' Emigration Society (Duke-street, Aldgate), the Jews' Convalescent Home (South Norwood), University College Hospital, the London Hospital, St. Mary's Hospital (Paddington), Ormond-street Hospital for Sick Children, the Male Lock Hospital (Dean-street), the Female Lock Hospital (Paddington), the National Life-Boat Institution, the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the Metropolitan Drinking Fountain and Cattle Trough Association, and the Charity Organisation Society (Buckingham-street, Adelphi). With the exception of a few other legacies, the remaining provisions of the will are in favour of testator's wife and children.

The will (dated Aug. 14, 1880), with two codicils (dated May 27, 1882, and Nov. 24, 1887), of Miss Clara Waddington, late of 39, York-place, Marylebone, who died on Jan. 22 last, was proved on March 7 by the Right Hon. John William Mellor, Q.C., P.C., and Charles James Monk, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £59,000. The testatrix bequeaths the marble bust of the Very Rev. George Waddington, late Dean of Durham, to the Dean and Chapter of Durham; £2000 to the Durham County Hospital; £6000 to William Henry Waddington, of 31, Rue Dumont Derville, Paris, the present Ambassador from France to this country; and many other considerable legacies to relatives, servants, and others. The residue of her estate and effects, real and personal, she gives to her cousin, Elizabeth Waddington.

The will (dated March 19, 1887) of Mr. Thomas Brown, late of 28, Notting Hill-terrace, Bayswater, who died on Feb. 23, was proved on March 15 by George Thomas Brown, C.B., the son, and Alexander Curtis Cope, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £40,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 and his household furniture and effects to his daughter, Emily; and one or two other legacies. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves one fourth, upon trust, for his said daughter, for life, and then for his other children; one fourth, upon trust, for his son Edwin, his wife and children; and one fourth each to his sons William James and George Thomas.

The will (dated Nov. 8, 1889), with a codicil (dated March 3, 1890), of Mr. George Cohen, late of Coborn House, Bow-road, of Lion Wharves, Commercial-road East, and of the River Lea Iron Wharf, Canning Town, iron and metal merchant, who died on March 6, was proved on March 25 by Moss Cohen, Michael Cohen, and Barnet Cohen, the sons, and Lewis Levy, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £39,000. The testator bequeaths £200 each to the Jews' Hospital and Orphan Asylum (Norwood), the Amalgamated Societies of Hand-in-Hand and Widows' Home (Wells-street, Hackney), the Jewish Board of Guardians (Devonshire-square), the London Hospital, and the Poplar Hospital; his residence, with the furniture and effects, to his wife, Mrs. Sarah Cohen, for life; £600 per annum to his wife, for life, she maintaining and educating his children under twenty-one; £300 to his daughter Rachel; £2200, upon trust, for her, for life, and then for her children; £1000 to his nephew, Lewis Levy, and a further £100 as executor; and legacies to his sister and two nieces. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for all his children (except Rachel), in equal shares.

The will (dated March 27, 1889) of Mr. Edward Thomas Booth, late of Dyke-road, Brighton, who died on Feb. 8, was proved on March 20 by Mrs. Bessie Helen Booth, the widow, and George Brodrick, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £33,000. The testator devises and bequeaths his freehold messuage, containing his stuffed and preserved birds, and all the furniture and effects therein, to the British Museum, on the express understanding that they do not alter the interior of the cases and will take the same care of them that he has done, and, if the authorities of the British Museum will not accept them on these conditions, then he gives the same to the Corporation of Brighton; and legacies to his executor Mr. Brodrick and to his medical attendant. His plate he leaves to his wife, for life, then the part bearing the Booth crest to his uncle, Philip Booth; and the part bearing the Beaumont crest to his cousin, Wentworth Blackett Beaumont. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his wife.

The will (dated Oct. 21, 1885), with three codicils (dated Nov. 24, 1887, Dec. 18, 1888, and April 4, 1889), of Mrs. Charlotte Cooper, late of Springfield, near Holywell, Flintshire, who died on Feb. 19, was proved on March 18 by Robert Henry Meyricke, William Horseman Kirkby, and James Powell, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £26,000. The testatrix devises her freehold house at Ludlow, and her farm called "Hen Efel," Flintshire, to the use of her son, Archibald Henry Spencer Cooper, for life, with remainder to her grandson Edward Henry Moyle Cooper, in tail general; her freehold house "Springfield" and all the residue of her mahors, lands, and hereditaments, whether of freehold or copyhold tenure, to the use of her said son, for life, with remainder to her grandson Jermyn Archibald Cooper, in tail male; and there are a few legacies. The residue of her personal estate she leaves, upon trust, for her said son, for life, and then for all his children.

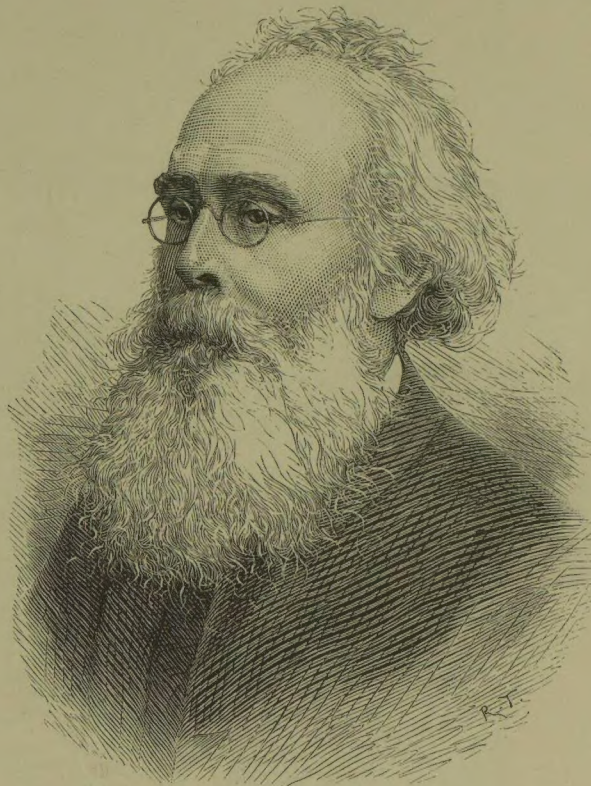
The will of Mr. William Ullathorne, formerly of 46, Elm Park-road, Chelsea, and late of Crookham House, Crookham-road, Fulham, who died on Feb. 14, was proved on March 18 by Mrs. Ada Anne Isabella Ullathorne, the widow, and Owen Longstaff, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £9613.

There will be a concert every Thursday in April at the Royal Victoria Hall, Waterloo Bridge-road, and science lectures will be given during the month.

The Church Missionary Society has received from an anonymous donor £1000, to be devoted to the development of the Victoria Nyanza Mission, of which the newly appointed Bishop Tucker will have charge.

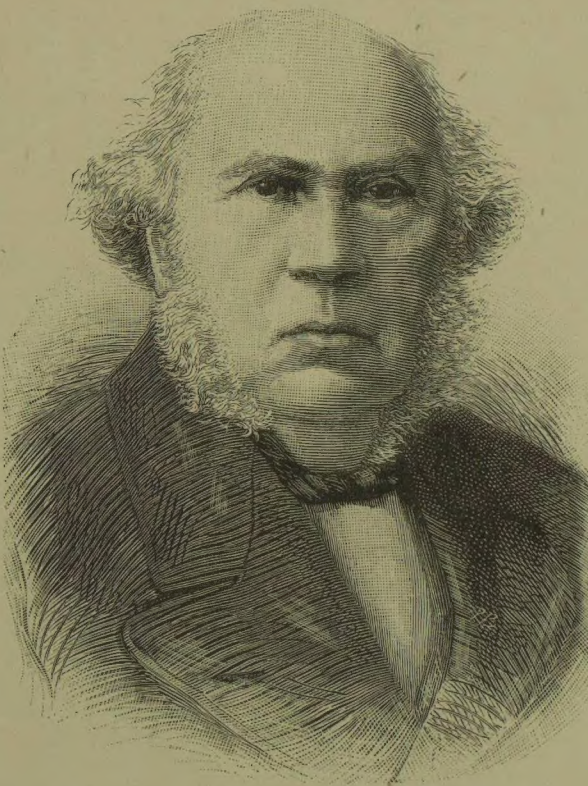
THE LATE BISHOP CALLAWAY.

This devoted and laborious Missionary Bishop in South Africa, who returned to England in 1886, recently died at the age of seventy-three. Henry Callaway was a native of Crediton, in Devonshire, and was educated at the Grammar School there. In early life he attached himself to the Society of Friends,



THE LATE RIGHT REV. HENRY CALLAWAY, D.D.,
FIRST BISHOP OF ST. JOHN'S, SOUTH AFRICA.

but afterwards joined the Established Church. He studied for the medical profession at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, took his degrees at the College of Physicians, and began practice; but he always cherished a design to undertake religious missionary work. When the See of Natal was formed and placed in charge of the Right Rev. Dr. Colenso, much was said of the need of missionaries; Dr. Callaway offered himself, and was ordained at Norwich Cathedral in August 1854. He sailed for Natal, and, after a voyage of nearly fourteen weeks, reached Port Durban. In September 1855 he was ordained priest, and appointed to St. Andrew's, Pietermaritzburg, the first church erected in Natal. With a view to work among the heathen, he threw himself with great energy and success into the study of the Kaffir language. In 1858 he obtained a grant of 3000 acres of land, a day's journey beyond Richmond, and here founded a station, naming it Spring Vale. Under his guidance, this station prospered wonderfully, and became a centre whence Christian and civilising influence emanated far and wide. In 1873 the Scotch Episcopal Church, by the advice of the late Bishop Cotterill, decided to take up, as a mission field, the region lying between Natal and Cape Colony, then known



THE LATE DR. JOHN MACPHERSON, M.D.,
FORMERLY INSPECTOR-GENERAL OF HOSPITALS IN INDIA.

as Independent Kaffraria. They offered this Bishopric of St. John's to Dr. Callaway, who accepted it, and established himself at Umtata; there a small town quickly grew up, with a pro-cathedral, a theological training college for natives, various schools for boys and girls, native and Europeans, a small hospital, and various other institutions.

Bishop Callaway continued indefatigable in his labours till health failed, when he resigned and returned to England to end his days. He was the author of published sermons, of the volume on Kaffir folklore, in Zulu and English, entitled "Zulu Nursery Tales," and of Kaffir translations of the Scriptures. It may be mentioned that, on quitting Springvale, with characteristic liberality he dedicated all his property there to church and mission purposes; and he subsequently transferred to the Episcopal Church of Scotland, subject to a life interest for himself and Mrs. Callaway, the sum of £2000, for the permanent augmentation of the stipend of the Bishop of St. John's.

MINING OPERATIONS AT PAHANG, MALAY PENINSULA.

We published last week some Illustrations of scenes in the Malay Peninsula, with reference to certain mining operations carried on by the Pahang Corporation and others. We now present some further Illustrations, showing to what extent the tin deposits exist in that country, and the extraordinary resources of the territory now being developed.

The first view is that of Kuala Rumpen, at the entrance to the large river of the same name, which traverses the southern portion of the extensive property of the Pahang Corporation. This district is now being actively explored and developed; and a police-station and Magistrates' quarters have been recently erected.

The next Illustration shows the excavations by former miners on Nicholson's tin lode, and is indicative of the extensive operations carried on by the uneducated miners. Smyth's tin lode, called after Sir Warrington Smyth, situated in the Kabang Hill, is now being worked, in conjunction with several other rich tin lodes, by the Pahang-Kabang Limited.

Another Illustration shows a gang of native labourers constructing a tramway and water-race, under the supervision of a European overseer, for the Pahang Corporation. The Stamp-mill, where the Pahang Corporation crush the tin stone and where thirty heads of stamps are now at work, is also represented among our Illustrations.

On another page, the first view is that of the outcrop of Fraser's Lode, in Semiliang Hill, the property of the Pahang-Semiliang Limited, reproducing the native excavations, together with the washing of the soil containing the alluvial tin deposit, through the denudation of the lode. The next Illustration shows part of the On Thai dam, constructed on the principle usually adopted by the Chinese—a massive amount of earthwork supported by timber. Other Illustrations represent the face of Pellock's tin lode, with the present tunnels and the ancient workings; and Simon's tin lode in the Kabang Hill, the property of the Pahang-Kabang Limited.

The Portrait of Mr. William Fraser, the founder of the Pahang Corporation, and the pioneer of English capitalists in Pahang, is copied from a photograph by Mendelssohn.

The Illustrations published in this and our last Issue are reproductions of photographs recently taken in Pahang. They indicate the nucleus of a very important industry in the Malay Peninsula which is as yet only in its infancy. We learn from all accounts that the mineral wealth of Pahang is exceptionally great, and that the prospects of these undertakings are exceedingly bright.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Belgian Royal family have taken up their residence at the large pavilion in the park of Laeken.

The strike in Catalonia is spreading. On March 28 there were about 18,000 men on strike, about a third of which number belong to Barcelona. In the latter city some disturbances took place.

The Austrian Emperor has sent his portrait and autograph, together with the Grand Cross of the Francis Joseph Order, to General Keith Fraser, British Military Attaché at Vienna for nearly five years. The distinction is exceptional.

The House of Representatives at Washington has passed the Wyoming Admission Bill by a party vote of 139 to 127.—Madame Patti's first appearance at the Opera at New York on March 26 drew an immense audience, though the prices were double the usual rates.—The opening of the World's Fair at Chicago has been postponed till 1893. It is to open on May 1 and close on Oct. 30 of that year.—A fearful tornado has visited the Western States, travelling down the Ohio valley, and marking its track with terrible ravages from Cincinnati to Cairo. Louisville, Kentucky, appears to have been almost destroyed. Metropolis, Illinois, has fared as badly, and from many other towns telegrams have been received testifying to the destructive nature of the visitation. It is impossible to estimate as yet the number of lives lost, but in the overthrow of buildings, and in the fires which burst forth in consequence, many hundreds are said to have perished. The most extraordinary tales are told of the force of the wind, and of hairbreadth escapes of citizens. As an example of the suddenness of the storm, a woman knocked at the door of a house for admittance. She was whirled away, and in her place was a tram-car, standing on its end before the face of the amazed inmate as she opened the door.—The inundations in the Mississippi valley continue.

An industrial exhibition at Yokohama has been opened by the Mikado.

THE LATE DR. JOHN MACPHERSON, M.D.

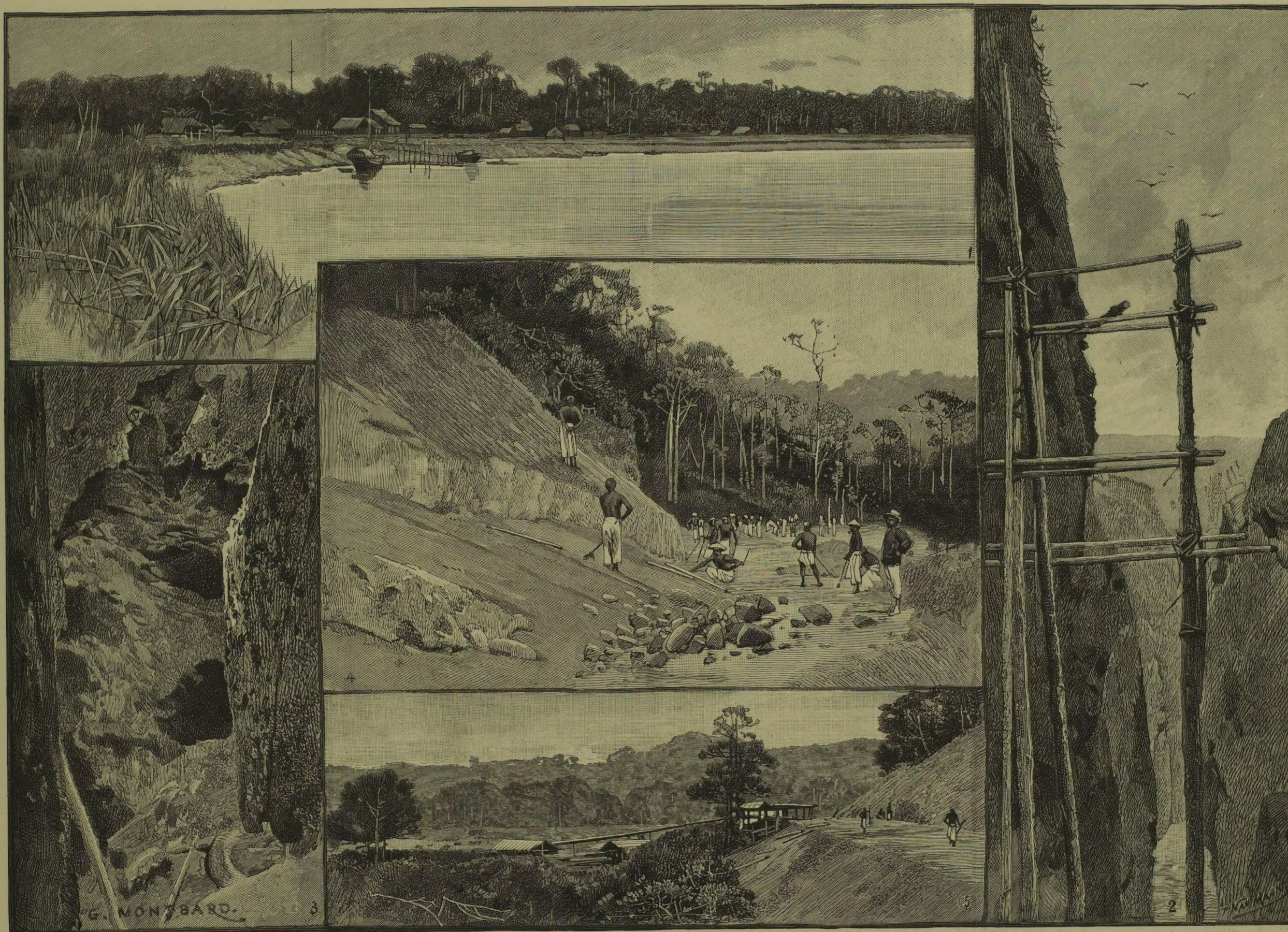
The death of Dr. Macpherson, of Curzon-street, an esteemed London medical practitioner, and author of several useful treatises on Indian cholera, and on the healing wells and baths of Europe, recalls to notice his former long official services in India. Born at Aberdeen in 1817, and educated partly there (at King's College) partly in London, he became a student at St. George's Hospital; and, after further pursuing his studies at Bonn, Vienna, and Berlin, entered the service of the East India Company in 1840, as assistant surgeon. After serving first with the Horse Artillery and subsequently with a native infantry regiment in Arracan, he became civil surgeon of Howrah, in the neighbourhood of Calcutta, and three years later was appointed Assistant Surgeon of the European General Hospital in Calcutta. In 1846, during the first Sikh war, he was suddenly ordered up to the front, where his services were required in the field hospital. He resided at Calcutta for the remainder of his stay in India—first in the General Hospital, and afterwards as Presidency Surgeon and Superintendent-General of Vaccination, and Inspector-General of Hospitals, down to his retirement in 1864. He had an extensive private practice. One of his brothers is Sir Arthur Macpherson, formerly a Judge at Calcutta, now at the India Office; another, Mr. William Macpherson, was some time editor of the *Quarterly Review*.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Lombardi, Pall-mall East.

Owens College has received from the legatees of the late Mr. Daniel Procter the announcement of their willingness to contribute £6000 for the foundation of a Pathological Professorship to be associated with Mr. Procter's name.

The concert given at St. James's Hall for the benefit of Madame Arabella Goddard resulted in a total receipt of £700, and a net profit of £600; and about the same amount has been collected by subscription.

A gentleman called at the Mansion House on March 31, and handed in Bank of England notes to the value of £400 towards the Llanerch Colliery Fund, and £300 to the Morfa Colliery Fund. He declined to give his name, and wished his donations to be acknowledged in the newspapers as "A. O. A." and nothing more.



1. Kuala Rumpen, Pahang.

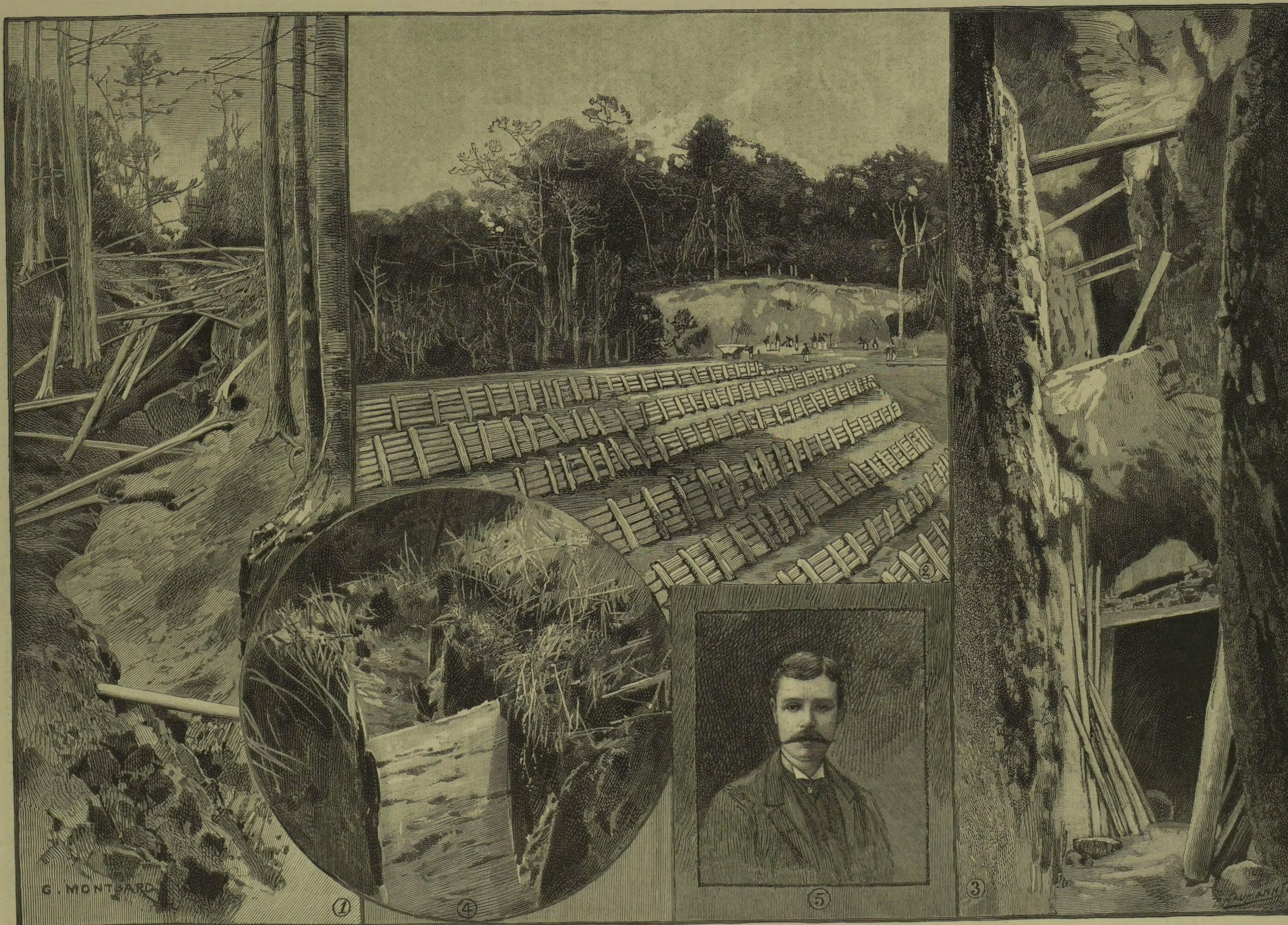
2. Nicholson's Tin Lode, Pahang Corporation.

3. Smyth's Tin Lode, Pahang-Kabang Limited.

4. Chinese constructing Tramway and Water-race, Pahang Corporation.

5. Tin Stamping Mill, Pahang Corporation.

MINING OPERATIONS AT PAHANG, IN THE MALAY PENINSULA.



1. Fraser's Tin Lode, Pahang-Semillang Limited, showing Native Workings.

2. On Thal Dam, Pahang Corporation.

3. Pollock's Tin Lode, Pahang Corporation.

4. Simons's Tin Lode, Pahang-Kabang Limited.

5. Mr. William Fraser, Founder of the Pahang Corporation Limited.

MINING OPERATIONS AT PAHANG, IN THE MALAY PENINSULA.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

Act I. of the drama of the Session is over, and the great bulk of the *dramatis personæ* of St. Stephen's is scattered far and wide. Mr. Smith is at liberty for the nonce to paddle his own canoe in the lovely river reaches near his Henley abode. Mr. Balfour has no occasion to run at full speed across the Horse Guards' parade to be in time for a Cabinet Council. Lord Randolph Churchill has leisure to resolve, mayhap, that in future it will be wiser for him to cavil at Admiralty administration from his corner seat in the House than to rush into print, only to be neatly answered by Mr. Forward. Albeit not a member of the Primrose League, Mr. Gladstone will probably find a ramble amid the primroses of Buckinghamshire more congenial even than dancing attendance at Westminster.

While the Marquis of Salisbury was hastening to the sunny Riviera on the last Sunday in March (which chanced to be a delightfully fine day in London), I happened to see Mr. Goschen taking a constitutional in Regent's Park. According to custom, Mr. Goschen was looking on the ground as he briskly walked by the side of the ornamental waters, which were all alive with youthful boating parties. Wonder whether he was polishing a sentence for his forthcoming Budget, or pondering what he should do with his large Surplus, or considering which class of her Majesty's subjects he should relieve of taxation! Multitudinous are the suggestions offered to Mr. Goschen: hints are dropped that a goodly revenue might be fairly obtained from Club Licenses, and from a Cycle Tax, and from other "resources of civilisation." Whatever course the right hon. gentleman determines to pursue, it is to be hoped that one greatly overburdened section of the community, the small householders, will not be forgotten by the financial genius who has brought such strength to the Government as Chancellor of the Exchequer, for it is probable that they feel the pressure of taxation most heavily.

The Government may be credited with having done a fair stroke of business, although so many nights have been taken up with the debates on the report of the Parnell Commission. The Leader of the House may plume himself on the fact that the Army and Navy Estimates and Civil Service supplies have been for the most part granted, and that two such considerable measures as the Irish Land Purchase Bill and the Tithes Bill have been introduced and advanced a stage.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach is, perhaps, the best Minister who could have been chosen to place before the Commons the new Government measure dealing with tithes. The right hon. Baronet is scrupulously considerate. Therein lay his marked success as Secretary for Ireland. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's unfailing courtesy cannot fail to be appreciated in his present post as President of the Board of Trade. In introducing the Tithe Rent Charge and Redemption Bill, on the Twenty-seventh of March, he held that the tithe was a debt legally due from the tithe-payer to the tithe-owner, and said it was now proposed that the tithe should be based on the net rent, and be paid by the landlord. With regard to the redemption, the lay tithe-payer would be able to charge his estate with the capital sum or with an annuity for its repayment; and, where the tithe was a Church charge, redemption could be secured by yearly instalments, at four and a half per cent for fifty years, to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, who would form a Tithe Redemption Fund. Mr. Picton moved the rejection of the Bill; and on the following evening Sir William Harcourt may be said to have opposed it tooth and nail. Yet Sir Michael Hicks-Beach secured the second reading by 289 to 164 votes—that is to say, Mr. Picton's drastic amendment was negatived by a majority of 125, at which there were lively Ministerial cheers.

The interest which the House always feels in personal incidents was aroused on the Twenty-eighth of March by Mr. Sexton's animated remonstrance against Sir William T. Marriott's after-dinner reference to the letters declared by the Parnell Commission to have been forged. Mr. Sexton severely said Sir William Marriott had committed a breach of privilege in suggesting that the forged letters might have been copied from real letters; but the Speaker could not agree that a breach of privilege had been committed; and the complacent Judge Advocate-General (whose Ministerial duties seem to consist of the delivery of lively electioneering philippics) contented himself, if he did not the Opposition, by answering that he spoke in "chaff." A dangerous subject to "chaff" about!

Lords and Commons, to facilitate the adjournment for the Easter Holidays, formally met on Saturday morning, the Twenty-ninth of March, when the cheery Lord Chancellor, the Earl of Limerick, and Earl Brownlow, acting as Royal Commissioners, and attired in their cumbersome Robes of State, signified Royal Assent to a number of measures. The Lords separated till the Seventeenth of April. It may be mentioned that on the previous day Earl Granville took the unusual course of moving the suspension of the standing orders in the House of Lords, to secure the addition to the roll of the names of several Liberal Peers who wish to subscribe their protest against the Ministerial resolution on the Parnell Report.

The Commons, or, rather, Mr. Smith, hit upon the ill-omened date of the First of April for the adjournment to the Fourteenth of the month; but, ere they parted, Sir John Gorst reappeared on the Treasury bench, looking none the worse for his deliberations at the Berlin Labour Conference, which he hopes will be fruitful of good results. Apropos of Sir John Gorst, I am reminded of a tribute paid the Under-Secretary for India by Lord Randolph Churchill, who once candidly admitted that, in the old days of the Fourth Party, he never acted contrary to the advice of Sir John Gorst without regretting it. It is to be feared Lord Randolph Churchill (most isolated of Parliamentary lights) is not of the same opinion now.

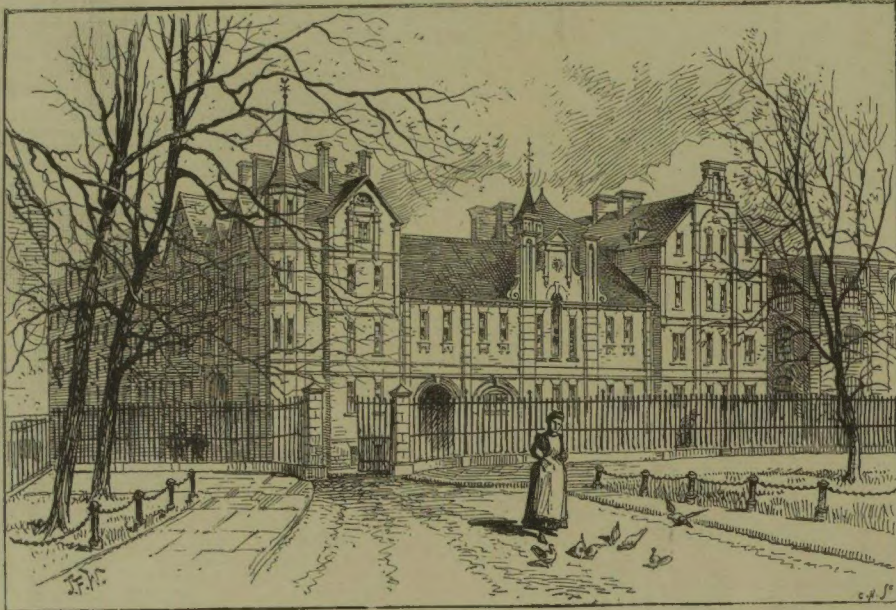
Ministerialists were comforted before they left town by being able to cheer Mr. Somervell as he took his seat as member for Ayr, where he defeated Mr. Routledge by a majority of 130. The Irish Home Rulers, on the other hand, were serene in the knowledge that Mr. E. Vesey Knox had been returned, unopposed, for the late Mr. Biggar's seat, West Cavan.

General Dunne has resigned the command of the Thames military district on April 1, and is succeeded by Major-General Goodenough, C.B., R.A., commanding the Chester district.

NEW MEDICAL COLLEGE, GUY'S HOSPITAL.

On Wednesday, March 26, Mr. Gladstone opened the new buildings of the Medical College at Guy's Hospital, which afford accommodation, board, and lodgings for a certain number of resident medical students, with an increase of the working hospital staff.

This scheme was approved in 1887 both by the school authorities and the governors of the hospital, and a joint committee was formed, consisting of Mr. Hucks Gibbs, the president; Mr. Lushington, the treasurer; Sir Henry Peek, Mr. Harvey, Mr. Cohen, Dr. Taylor, Mr. Howse, Mr. Davies-Colley, and Dr. Stevenson. A plot of building land adjacent to the hospital was leased for the purpose on favourable terms, and £20,000 of debentures were issued on the security of the Medical School Fund. The debentures were at once taken up, and the building was begun, Messrs. Woodd



THE NEW MEDICAL COLLEGE OF GUY'S HOSPITAL.

and Ainslie being the architects. The first brick was laid on Nov. 26, 1888.

The college is built in quadrangular form of red brick, in what is known as a revised Elizabethan style. The front entrance, guarded by two handsome oak gates, is opposite the Maze-pond gate of the hospital. The college is now finished and ready for occupation. It consists of dining-hall, reading-rooms, and gymnasium, all available for members of the students' club, and accommodation for the junior members of the staff at present lodged in the hospital, and for fifty resident students, with a suitable residence for Dr. Perry (Dean of the Medical School), who will be the First Warden of the College.

GREAT ORMOND STREET HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN.

On Wednesday, March 26, the foundation-stone of the new or "jubilee" wing, which will complete this hospital, was laid by a patient in the Louise Ward, John Hart, a bright little fellow, aged eleven, the son of a sergeant in the 2nd West Kent Regiment, who had an injury to his left leg by a kick of a horse, which necessitated amputation of the limb.

Mr. Arthur Lucas, the vice-chairman, in the absence of Lord Aberdare, the chairman of the hospital, gave a brief history of the progress of the institution. The children's jubilee tribute to the Queen in 1887, amounting to £6000, was handed over by her Majesty towards the completion of the



LAYING FOUNDATION-STONE OF NEW WING, HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN.

hospital. When the new wing was finished, he hoped her Majesty would open the wards, and thus afford another proof of the great help and sympathy which she and the rest of the Royal family had always given to the Hospital for Sick Children. A generous bequest of £5000 on the part of the late Mr. William Barry, a governor who died recently, had enabled the committee to begin this additional building.

The new wing has been designed by Mr. Charles Barry, architect, and Mr. W. J. Mitchell, of Dulwich, is the contractor. The design externally has necessarily been varied from that of the present building, as the levels of the floors—save the basement—are different. The wards are more lofty and the windows larger. Eighty-nine additional beds are provided by the new wing, raising the entire accommodation to the hospital to 214 beds. The committee have in hand £21,000, which will suffice to construct the mere building, but £9000 additional is needed for the purposes of lighting, heating, fitting, and furnishing. The hospital last year received eleven hundred children as in-patients, and dispensed relief to seventeen thousand out-patients. It has a convalescent branch at Cromwell House, Highgate.

THE COURT.

Queen Victoria is in the possession of good health at Aix-les-Bains, where her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg, arrived on the afternoon of March 26, and was received with a warm welcome by the populace. On the morning of the 27th the Queen took a drive in the gardens of the Villa in a carriage drawn by donkeys, and in the afternoon she had a country drive. Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg paid a visit to the Queen's estate at Tresserves. The Duke and Duchess of Rutland arrived at the villa in the morning. The Queen visited her estate at Tresserves on the morning of the 28th, and called upon Lady Whalley, whose residence adjoins her Majesty's property. In the afternoon the Queen took a three hours' drive on the shores of Lake Bourget. Princess Beatrice went to the thermal establishment in the morning. On the 29th the Queen was out driving as usual, the weather continuing splendid. The Queen attended Divine service at the Anglican Church, Aix-les-Bains, on Sunday, the 30th. Her Majesty takes walks and drives daily. The Duke of Rutland dined with the Royal party on the 31st.

The Prince of Wales, accompanied by Prince George, has paid a visit to Berlin. His doings in that capital are noticed in another column. The Princess remains in town. On Sunday morning, the 30th, accompanied by Princesses Victoria and Maud, she was present at Divine service.

March 28 being the anniversary of the death of the Duke of Albany, the Duchess proceeded from Claremont to Windsor Castle and visited the tomb of her deceased husband in the Albert Chapel.

The King of the Belgians, travelling incognito, arrived at Dover on the morning of March 26 by the mail-boat from Ostend, and proceeded to London. On arriving at Charing-cross Station he was received by the Count De Lalaing, Councillor of the Belgian Legation, and drove to the Burlington Hotel. In the afternoon his Majesty visited the Princess of Wales, and spent about an hour at the Stanley and African Exhibition. His Majesty went to Edinburgh, where he was entertained by the Marquis of Tweeddale at the New Club, and met at dinner the engineers of the Forth Bridge. The King has shown great interest in that

colossal work. On the 29th his Majesty, accompanied by Count D'Oultremont and suite, left the Burlington Hotel for Bournemouth. On the 31st he left for Southampton, and there embarked, on board the Belgian Royal yacht *Princesse Joséphine*, for Ostend.

March 26 was observed as a public holiday at Bombay, in celebration of Prince Albert Victor's visit. In the evening the streets and the harbour were illuminated on a grand scale, and were crowded by an immense number of sightseers. A firework display brought the entertainment to a conclusion. Prince Albert Victor embarked on the 28th on the Peninsular and Oriental steamer *Assam* for his journey homewards. In response to a farewell address from the Municipal Council of Bombay, Prince Albert Victor said that his journey throughout had been a course of delight and instruction.

The *Gazette* contains an Order in Council declaring the Bishopric of St. Albans to be vacant, Dr. Cloughton having resigned by reason that "he is incapacitated by age and permanent physical infirmity from the due performance of his duties as Bishop." The episcopal residence at Danbury is assigned to the retiring Bishop for his use during the remainder of his life. Bishop Cloughton has been fifty-six years in the Church, having been ordained deacon in 1834. He became Bishop of Rochester in 1867, and was translated to St. Albans in 1877. Dr. Cloughton was born in 1808, and is therefore now eighty-two years of age. The Bishop of Worcester is a year older, having been born in 1807. Both, however, are still young compared with the Bishop of Chichester, who, born in 1802, is almost a nonagenarian. The Bishop of Bath and Wells is the same age as the retiring Bishop of St. Albans, eighty-two; while the Bishop of Winchester and the Bishop of Norwich come next, each of them being seventy-nine. Dr. Cloughton has been presented with a portrait of himself by the clergy and laity of St. Albans. The portrait, which is by Mr. W. Oules, R.A., cost 600 guineas, which has been raised by subscription among the principal clergy and laity.

An addition was made to the effective strength of the Royal Navy, on March 29, by the completion at Sheerness Dockyard, for foreign service, of the gun-vessel *Thrush*, which is to be commissioned in the course of April by Lieutenant Prince George of Wales, for service on the North America and West Indies Station.

The Lord Mayor presided on March 28 at a meeting of the committee of the fund for providing a memorial to Lord Napier of Magdala, and said that the fund was now £3700, besides £1000 promised anonymously. It was resolved that it would be desirable to erect an equestrian statue in London, and to ask Sir E. Boehm what would be the cost of a replica of his statue now in Calcutta.

Early on March 30 the Inman steamer *City* of Paris was towed into Queenstown Harbour in a seriously damaged condition. On the afternoon of the 25th, when the vessel was 216 miles west of the Irish coast, and going full speed, the

starboard engine collapsed, smashing the low-pressure cylinder, bursting the iron bulkhead which divided the two engines, breaking through the double bottom, and carrying destruction in all directions. Notwithstanding this, the vessel, though rendered perfectly helpless, floated, and not a person on board was injured. On the 28th the aid of a small Transatlantic steamer was obtained, and on the Fastnet being reached tugs were readily procurable. There were nearly a thousand persons on board.

The preachers in Westminster Abbey for April are: Good Friday, 4th, at 10 a.m., Canon Prothero (Sub-Dean); at 3 p.m., the Dean. Sunday, 6th (Easter Day), at 10 a.m., Rev. Dr. Troutbeck; at 3 p.m., the Dean. Sunday, 13th, at 10 a.m., Rev. Edgar Sheppard, Sub-Dean of H.M. Chapel Royal; at 3 p.m., Canon Prothero (Sub-Dean); at 7 p.m., Canon Duckworth. Sunday, 20th (Offerory for Church Missionary Society), at 10 a.m., Rev. Canon Ellison, Rector of Haseley, Oxon; at 3 p.m., Canon Prothero (Sub-Dean); at 7 p.m., Archdeacon Sinclair. Sunday, 27th, at 10 a.m., Rev. L. B. White, D.D., Rector of St. Mary, Aldermay, E.C.; at 3 p.m., Canon Prothero (Sub-Dean); at 7 p.m., Rev. Dr. Forrest.

SKETCHES IN BERLIN.

Prince Bismarck took leave of the Emperor William II., at the Imperial Palace, on Wednesday, March 26, the interview lasting an hour and a quarter. Crowds of people gathered in the streets all the way from his residence, the Radziwill Palace in the Wilhelmstrasse, to see the great ex-Minister pass. Both in going and coming back he was made the object of an enthusiastic popular demonstration, the mounted policemen who escorted his carriage having great difficulty in forcing a passage for it through the struggling and cheering multitudes. Many bouquets of flowers were thrown into the carriage, while the waving of hats and handkerchiefs was enough to show that Bismarck, though no longer in office, still retains his hold on the popular heart and mind. He wore his full-dress Cuirassier uniform, with the sash of the Black Eagle, and, on leaving the palace, held in his hand a bouquet, which had probably been offered to him by the Empress. By this time the crowds had increased to such an extent that his carriage could only get on at a walking pace. Shying at the uproar around them, one of the horses kicked over his traces, and the ex-Chancellor of the Empire had to get out until things were put right again, though he good-humouredly refused the offers of his admirers to unyoke the horses and to draw his carriage. On his return way along the Linden, the Prince stopped at what is called the Netherlands Palace, to pay a farewell visit to the Grand Duke of Baden; then he drove home, surrounded by a multitude who seemed to be sadly affected by the significance of the occasion.

On Saturday, March 29, Prince Bismarck quitted the city of Berlin, which he is not expected to revisit for a long time, unless he should again be asked to take office. He had paid farewell visits to all the Royal Princes of Prussia, and to the tomb of his grand old master, the Emperor William I., in the Royal Mausoleum at Charlottenburg, where he entered alone, laid roses on the tomb, knelt, and silently prayed. Next day, still wearing his soldierly uniform, with his son Count Herbert Bismarck at his side, followed in another carriage by Princess Bismarck, with their other son and daughter, he left his town mansion, driving to the Lehrter railway station, escorted by a guard of honour, a dismounted squadron of the Cuirassiers of the Royal Guard, and was met at the station by the Emperor's aides-de-camp and equerries, bearing a magnificent floral garland. All the Ministers and Foreign Ambassadors, and most of the high officials of the Court and Government, with the members of the Berlin Municipality, were present to bid him farewell. The streets were again thronged with citizens of the most respectable classes, who surrounded Bismarck's carriage, uttering their expressions of personal regard, admiration, and grateful attachment, scattering flowers, and by every visible gesture and token showing their feelings of reverent affection. When he had entered the railway station they burst into patriotic song: "Die Wacht am Rhein" and "Deutschland über Alles" were sung by hundreds of manly voices. After shaking hands with many friends at the window of the railway carriage, and repeatedly thanking his assembled fellow-citizens, the great statesman took his seat in the train, which then started, to the sound of a flourish of



NICOLAS CHRISTODOULAKI, A CHIEF OF THE CRETAN INSURGENTS.

the Cuirassiers' trumpets, and conveyed him away to his country house of Friedrichsruh. It is announced that he has declined the title of Sovereign Duke of Lauenburg, offered him by the German Emperor, as it would not have been accompanied with actual powers of government in that Duchy.

The Prince of Wales lunched with Prince Bismarck on the 26th, immediately after the return of the latter from his interview with the Emperor. In the evening the Empress Frederick invited the English delegates to the Labour Conference to meet the Prince of Wales at dinner, the company also including Sir Edward and Lady Erymtrude Malet, Colonel

and Mrs. Russell, and the other members of the Embassy staff. The members of the International Conference had already been formally presented to his Royal Highness; and this scene is the subject of one of our illustrations.

On Friday, March 28, the Prince of Wales and Prince George of Wales left Berlin for Coburg, where they were the guests of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh at Rosenau. They attended, on Sunday, the religious ceremony of the confirmation of Prince Alfred of Edinburgh in the Lutheran Chapel of the Palace at Coburg.

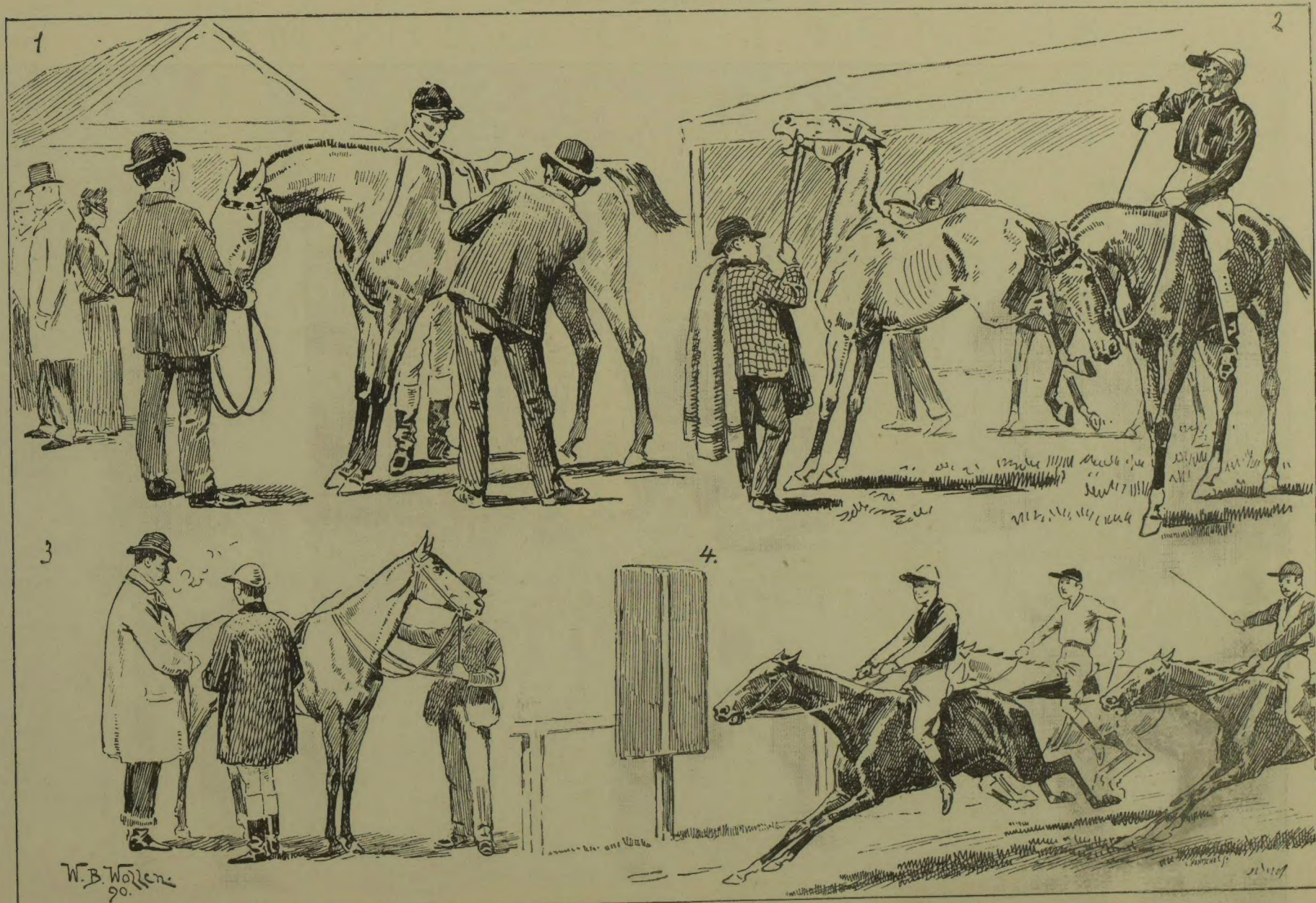
A CRETAN INSURGENT CHIEF.

Nicolas Christodoulaki, the most famous of the Cretan insurgent chiefs, has been for some time a refugee at Athens, where his striking figure and martial bearing, as well as the renown of his exploits, made him an object of much attention and interest. He is forty-nine years of age, and has played a conspicuous part in several insurrections which have taken place in Crete; especially in those of 1866, 1867, and 1868, as well as in that of last year. He formerly served in the Turkish gendarmerie; but when disturbances broke out in Crete last summer, he deserted, and fled to the mountains, as he found that he was suspected by his Mussulman comrades, and that his life was in danger. He was found guilty of treason, by court-martial, in his absence; while his brother, Rousso Christodoulaki, who was not so fortunate in making his escape, was also found guilty of the same charge, and is now immured in the subterranean prison at Rhodes.

The Portrait of this Cretan warrior was sketched at Athens by Mr. J. D. Bouchier.

RANELAGH CLUB PONY RACES.

On the day of the Oxford and Cambridge Universities' Boat-race, Wednesday, March 26, the Ranelagh Club held its pony and galloway races at Barn Elms. The principal events were the Oxford or Dark Blue Handicap, value £25, over a five-furlong course, in which the winner was Sir D. Milbank's Actor, ridden by Mr. Tippler; the Universities' Handicap, won by Mr. C. R. Packer's Maysie, ridden by Mr. J. Westhorpe over the course of a mile and a half; the Ladies' Plate, for ponies, won by Mr. W. Sheaf's Little Amy; and finally, at half past three in the afternoon, the Cambridge or Light Blue Handicap, over the mile course. In the last-mentioned race, five ponies and galloways started—namely, Mr. E. W. Jaquet's Early Morn, ridden by Mr. Lindsey Garrard, Mr. G. Bird's Brightness, Mr. C. R. Packer's Ruth, Mr. P. R. Tippler's Shah, and Mrs. Reeves's Sybil. After a very good start Early Morn was the first to show in front, and came on to the Stand a shade in advance of Shah and Brightness, with Sybil last. They went on round the Mansion turn, where Shah dropped back. Brightness went up to Early Morn, getting her head in front two or three times. Early Morn again assumed the lead, and, although he went a trifle wide, held his place, and won a well-riden race by half a length; two lengths off Ruth was third, Sybil fourth, and Shah last.



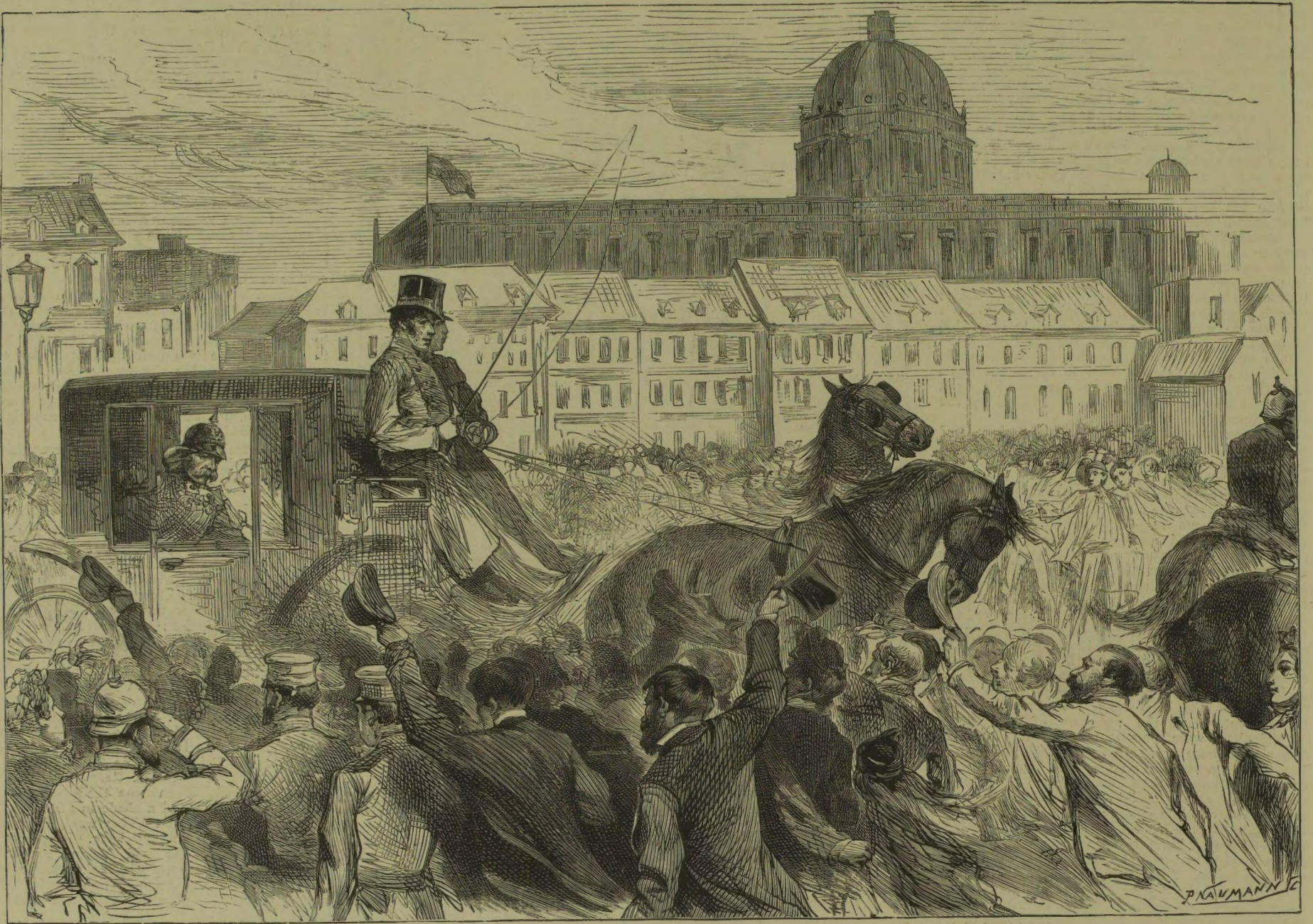
1. Finishing the Toilet.

2. "Whoa, you brute! Take him away!"

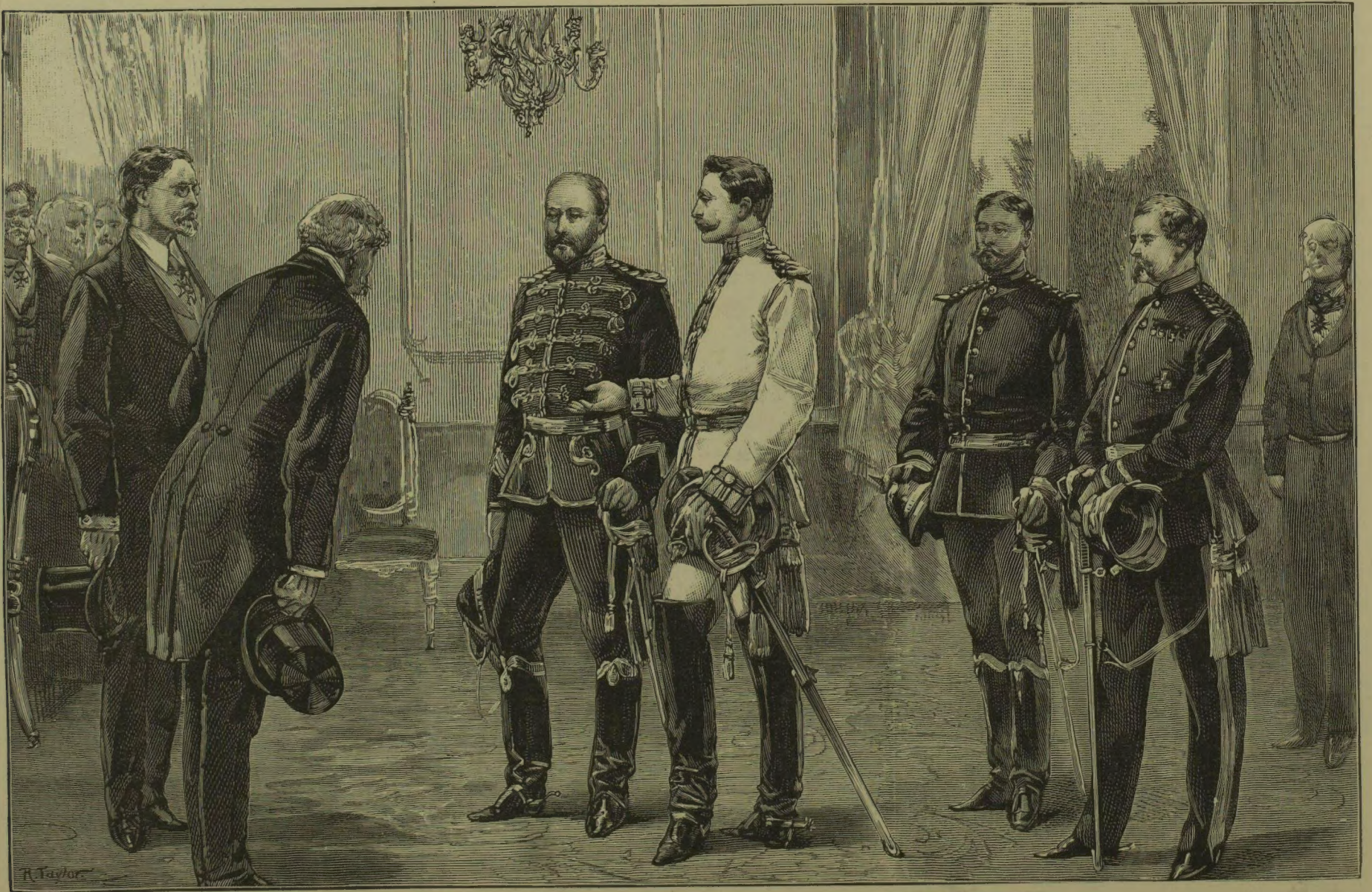
3. Final orders.

4. A veteran hero wins the Light Blue Handicap.

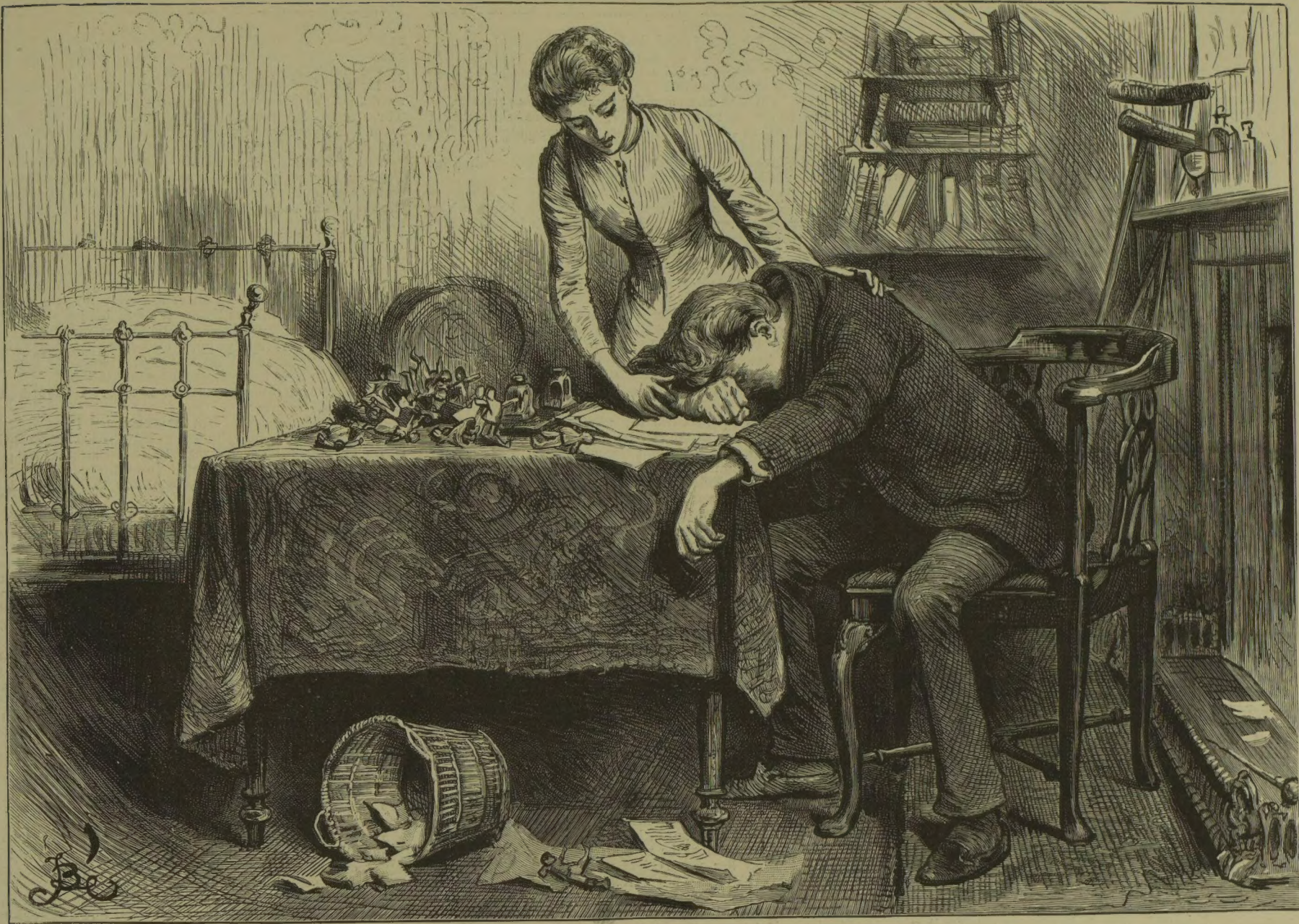
PONY AND GALLOWAY RACES AT THE RANELAGH CLUB ON BOAT-RACE DAY.



BERLIN'S FAREWELL TO BISMARCK.



MEMBERS OF THE LABOUR CONFERENCE AT BERLIN PRESENTED TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.



DRAWN BY FRED. BARNARD.

"Archie, I know—I know; he has told me. Oh! Archie—do you think it is true?"

ARMOREL OF LYONESSE.

A ROMANCE OF TO-DAY.

BY WALTER BESANT.

PART II.—CHAPTER VII.

A CANDID OPINION.

YOUTH in the London lodging-house! Youth quite poor—youth ambitious—youth with a possible future—youth meditating great things! Walk along the streets of Lodging-land—there are miles of such streets—and consider with trembling that the dingy houses contain thousands of young people—boys and girls—who have come to the city of golden pavements to make—not a fortune, unless that happens as well—but their name. In the long struggle before the lowest rung of the ladder is reached they endure hardness, but they complain not. Everything is going to be made up to them in the splendid time to come.

Something more than a year ago two such young people came up from the country, and found shelter in a London lodging-house, where they could work and study until success should arrive. They were boy and girl, brother and sister—twins. They had very little money, and could afford no more than one sitting-room. Therefore, one worked in the sitting-room and the other in a bed-room, because their occupations demanded solitude. The one in the sitting-room was the girl. She was engaged in the pursuit of poetry: she made verses continually, every day. Unless she was reading verse, she was either making, or polishing, or devising verses. Of all pursuits in the world this is at once the most absorbing and the most delightful. It is also, with the greater part of these who follow it, the most useless. Thomas the Rhymers sits down and takes his pen: it is nine of the clock. He considers: he writes: he scratches out: he writes again: he corrects again: after ten minutes or so, he looks up. It is three in the afternoon: the luncheon hour is past: the morning is gone: all he has to show for the six golden hours, when an account of them is demanded, will be a single stanza of a ballad. And perhaps not a single editor will look at it. To Effie Wilmot, the girl-twin, thus engaged morning after morning, the hours become moments and the days minutes. The result and outcome of her labours you have already learned. But she was young, and she lived in hope. A few more weeks, and the great man, her patron, would have satisfied that whim of wishing to be thought a poet of society. Strange that one who painted pictures of such wonderful beauty, who wrote such charming stories in such endless variety—stories quaint and bizarre, stories pathetic, stories humorous—should so condescend! What could a few simple verses—such as hers—do to increase his fame? However, that was nearly over. She felt quite happy and light-hearted: as happy as if, like other poets, she was writing things that would appear with her own name: she pursued the light and airy fancies of her brain, capturing one or two, chaining them in the prison of her rhymes, which, of course, were set to the old-new tunes affected by the little

poets of the day. If they have got no message to deliver, they can at least come on the stage and repeat over again the old things clad in dress revived. We can keep on dressing up in the poet's habit until the poet himself shall come along.

Effie worked on, sitting at the window. Poets can work anywhere, though, of course, they ought to sit habitually on the sides of hills, with hanging woods and mountain-streams and waterfalls. But they can work just as well in a mean London lodging, such as this where Effie sat, looking out, if she looked through the curtain, upon a most commonplace street. We can all—common spirits as well as poets—rise above our streets and houses and our dingy setting—otherwise there would be no work done at all. Nay, if we were all cockered up, and daintily surrounded with things æsthetic and artistic and beautiful, I believe we should be so happy that nobody would ever do anything. The poet would murmur his thoughts in indolent rhyme by the fireside: the musician would drop his fingers among the notes, echoing faintly and imperfectly the music in his soul—all for his own enjoyment: the story-teller would tell his stories to his wife: the dramatist would make plots without words for his children to act: the painter would half sketch his visions and leave them unfinished. Art would die.

No such temptations were offered to Effie. The æsthetic movement had not touched that ground-floor front. The shaky round table stood under the flaring gas which every night made her head ache; the chiffonier contained in its recesses the tea and sugar and bread and butter, and, when the money ran to such luxuries, her jam or her honey or her oranges. There was one easy-chair and one arm-chair; and before the window a small square table, which had, at least, the merit of being firm; and at this she wrote. Everybody knows this kind of room perfectly.

The poetic workshop is always kept locked. No poet ever tells of the terrific struggles he has to encounter before he finally subdues his thought and compels it to walk or run in double harness of rhythm and rhyme. No poet ever confesses how he sometimes has to let that thought go because he cannot subdue it—nay, the same discomfiture has been reported of those who, like M. Jourdain, speak in prose. And no poet ever shows, as a painter will readily show us, the first sketch, the first rough draft of a poem, the unfinished lines, the first feeble attempts at the rhythmic expression of a great thought. Let us respect the mystery of the craft—have we not all dabbled in verse and essayed to play upon the scrannel-pipe?

It was towards noon, however, that Effie was disturbed by the arrival of a visitor. The event was so unusual—so unprecedented even—that no instructions had ever been given to the lodging-house servant in the art of introducing callers. She therefore opened the door, and put in her head—"A gentle-

man, Miss"—and went downstairs, leaving the gentleman to walk in if he pleased.

"You, Mr. Feilding?" Effie cried, springing to her feet. "Oh! This is, indeed!"

The great man took her hand. "My dear child," he said, "I have been thinking over our conversation of the other day. I am, of course, only anxious to be of service to you and to your brother, and so I thought I would call." He was quite magnificent in his fur-lined coat, and he was very tall and big, so that he seemed to fill up the whole room. But he had an unusual air of hesitation. "I thought," he repeated, "that I would call. Yes!"

The girl sat with her hands in her lap, waiting. "You remember what I told you about—the—the verses which you sometimes bring me?"

"Oh! Yes. I remember. It is so kind of you, Mr. Feilding, so very kind and noble!" For the moment the dazzling prospect of seeing her verses acknowledged as her own in place of seeing them adopted by the Editor made her believe that none but a truly noble person could do such a thing.

"I mean to begin even sooner than I had intended. It is true that when I took your verses I made them my own by those little touches and corrections which, as you know very well, distinguish true poetry from its imitation." It was not until he was gone that Effie remembered that not a single alteration had ever been made. So great is the power of the human voice that for the moment she listened and acquiesced, subdued and ashamed of herself—"At last, my young friend, the time for alteration and improvement is past. You can now stand alone—your verses signed—if, of course, we remain, as I hope, on the same friendly relations."

"Oh!" she murmured. "Enough. We understand each other. Your brother, you told me, is at work on a play—a romantic drama."

"Yes. He has finished it. He has been at work upon it for two years, thinking of nothing else all day."

Mr. Feilding nodded approval. "That is the way," he said heartily, "to produce good work. Perfect—absolute—devotion—regardless of any earthly consideration. Art—Art—before all else. And now it is done?"

"Yes; he is copying it out."

"Effie"—he suddenly changed the subject—"you have never told me of your resources. Tell me! I do not ask out of idle curiosity. That you are not rich I know."

"No, we are not rich. We have a little—a thousand pounds apiece—and we have resolved to live on that, and on what we can get besides, until we have made our way. We have no rich relations to help us. My father is a country clergyman with a small living. We came to town so that Archie could get treatment for his hip. He is better now, and we shall stay altogether if we can only hold on."

"A thousand pounds each. That is seventy pounds a year, I suppose?"

"Yes. But during the last twelve months you have given me a hundred pounds for my verses—three pounds for every poem, and there were thirty-three altogether in the volume—'Voices and Echoes,' you know."

The poet who had published these verses did not change colour or show any sign of emotion in the presence of the poet who had written them. He nodded his head. "Yes," he said, "on a hundred and seventy pounds a year you can live—on seventy you would starve. Where is your brother?"

"He works in his bed-room. It is the room behind, on the same floor. My room is upstairs."

"He requires, I suppose, good food, wine, and certain luxuries?"

"When we can afford them. Since you took my verses we have been able to buy things."

"Your money is well expended. I should like to see your brother, Effie."

"I will take you to him," she said. But she hesitated and blushed. "Oh! Mr. Feilding, Archie knows nothing about the—the volumes, you know! He sees only the verses in the paper. And he only knows that you have been so kind as to take them. Don't tell him anything else."

"Your secret, Effie," he replied generously, "is safe with me. He shall not know it from my lips."

She thanked him. Again, it was not until he was gone that Effie remembered that he could not possibly reveal that fact to her brother.

She led him into the room, at the back of which was her brother's study and bed-room as well.

Her brother might have been herself, save for a slight manly growth upon the upper lip, and for the pale cheek of ill-health. The same large forehead overhanging the face, eyes sunken but as bright as his sister's, the same sensitive lips were his. A finer face than his sister's, and stronger, but not so sweet. Beside his chair a pair of crutches proclaimed that he was a cripple. Before him was a table, at which he was writing. There were on the table, besides his writing materials, a number of little dolls, some of which were arranged in groups, while others were lying about unused. He was copying his finished play: as he copied it he played the scenes with the dolls and spoke the dialogue. The dolls were his characters: there was not a single scene or change of the grouping which this conscientious young dramatist had not rehearsed over and over again, until every line of the dialogue had its own stage picture, clear and distinct in his mind.

"You are Mr. Feilding?" he asked, rising with some difficulty. "I have heard so much of you from Effie. It is a great honour to have a call from you."

"I take a deep interest," the great man replied, "in anything that concerns Miss Effie Wilmet. I have been able—I believe you know—to give her some assistance and advice in her work. Oh!"—he waved his hand to deprecate any expressions of gratitude—"I have done very little—very little indeed. Now, about yourself. I learn from your sister that you have ambitions—you would become a dramatist?"

"I have no other ambition. It is my only dream."

"A very good dream, indeed. And you have made, I am told, a start—a maiden effort—a preliminary flight to try your wings. You have written your first attempt at a play?"

"Yes. It is here. It is finished."

"Tell me, briefly, the plot."

Some young dramatists mar their plot in getting it out. This young man had taken the trouble to write out first a rough outline of his piece and next a complete scenario with every situation detailed. These he read to his visitor one after the other.

"Yes," said Mr. Feilding, when he had finished; "there is something in the idea of the play. Perhaps not a completely novel motif. A good deal might be said as to the arrangement of the scenes. And one or two of the characters might—but these are details. Remains to find out how the dialogue goes. Will you read me a scene or two?"

The dramatist read. As he read he might have observed in the eyes of his listener a growing eagerness, as of one who vehemently yearns to get possession of something—his neighbour's vineyard, for example, or his solitary ewe lamb. But the reader did not observe this. He was wholly wrapped in his piece: he threw his soul into the reading: he was anxious only that his words and his situations should produce the best effect upon his hearer.

"Yes, yes; your dialogue, unhappily, shows the want of skill common to the beginner," said Mr. Feilding, when he had finished. "It will have to be completely rewritten. As it stands now, the play would be simply killed by it, in spite of the situations, which, with some alterations, are really pretty good—pretty good for a first effort."

"You don't think, then—that"—the dramatist's voice broke down. Consider: for two long years he had done nothing but cast, recast, write, rewrite this play. He had dreamed all this time of success with this play. And now—now—the very first critic—and that the most accomplished man of the day—no less than Mr. Alec Feilding—told him that the play would not be received unless the dialogue was entirely rewritten. He could not rewrite the dialogue. It was a part of himself. As well ask him to remake his own face or to reconstruct his legs. His face fell: his cheeks grew pale: his eyes filled with unmanly tears.

"I am truly sorry, believe me," said the critic, "to throw cold water on your hopes. I have been myself an aspirant. Yet"—he hesitated in his kindness—"why encourage illusive expectations? The play as it is—I say, as it is only—must be pronounced totally unfit for the stage. No manager would think of it for a moment."

"Then I may as well throw it on the fire? And all my work wasted?"

"Nay—not wasted. Good work—true work—is never wasted. You ought to have learned much—very much—from this two years' labour. And, as for putting it into the fire"—he laughed genially—"I believe I can show you a better way than that. Look here, Archie—I call you by your Christian name because I have so often talked about you: we are old friends—I should be really sorry to think that you had actually lost all your time. Give me this play: I will take it—skeleton, scenario, dialogue—all, just as it is—the mere rough, crude, shapeless thing that it is. I will buy it of you—useless as it is. I will give you fifty pounds down for it, and it shall become my property—my own, absolutely. I shall then, perhaps, recast and rewrite the play from beginning to end. When I have made a play out of it worth putting on the stage—when, in short, I have made it my own play—I may possibly bring it out—possibly. Most likely, however, not. There's a chance for you, Archie, such as you will never get again! Fifty pounds down—think of that! Fifty pounds!"

The dramatist laid his hand, for reply, upon his papers.

"If it should ever be brought out," this good Samaritan went on, "you will come and see it acted. What a splendid lesson it will be for you in the art of writing drama!"

The dramatist's fingers tightened on his manuscript.

"Of course you must consider your sister," the considerate

critic continued. "She has been able to make a few pounds of late, having been so fortunate as to attract the interest of . . . one who is not wholly without influence. Should that interest fail or be withdrawn you might have—both of you—to suffer much privation. The luxuries which you now enjoy would be impossible—and—"

"Oh, you kill me!" cried the unfortunate youth.

"Shall I leave you for the present? My offer is always open—on the condition of secrecy—one is bound to keep business transactions secret. I will leave you now. There is no hurry. Think it over carefully and send me an answer."

He went out and shut the door. The young dramatist, I am ashamed to say, fell to tears and weeping over the destruction of his hopes.

"Effie," said Mr. Feilding, "I have talked with your brother. He has read some of the play to me"—

"And you think?" she asked him eagerly.

He shook his head mournfully. "The boy has much to learn—very much. Meantime, the play itself is worthless—quite worthless."

"Oh! Poor boy! And he has built so much upon it."

"Yes—they all do at the outset. Mind, Effie, he is a clever boy: he will do. Meantime, he must study."

"Oh! Poor Archie! Poor boy!"

"It seems hard, doesn't it, not to succeed all at once? Yet Browning and Tennyson and Thackeray were all well on for forty before they succeeded. Why should he despair? Meantime I have made him a little offer."

"Oh! Mr. Feilding, you are always so good."

"I have offered to give him fifty pounds—down—and to take this rough unlicked thing he calls a Play. If I find time I shall, perhaps, rewrite the whole, and put it on the stage. It will then, of course, be my own—my own, Effie. Good-bye, child. I have not forgotten our talk—or my promise—if we remain on friendly relations."

He went away. Effie sank into a chair. What she had done with her own work had never seemed to her half so terrible as what was now proposed to be done with her brother's work.

She crept into his room. He sat with his head in his hands, most mournful of bards since the world began.

"Archie, I know—I know; he has told me. Oh! Archie—do you think it is true?"

"He says so, Effie. He says it is worthless."

"Yet he will give you fifty pounds."

"That is to please you—for your sake. The thing is worthless—no manager would look at it."

"Yet—fifty pounds! Why should Mr. Feilding give fifty pounds—a whole fifty pounds—for a worthless play? Archie, don't do it—don't let him have it; wait a little—we will ask somebody else. Oh! I could tell you something. Wait—tell him, if you must say anything, that you will think it over."

When Effie turned over the pages of the next number of *The Muses Nine*, she found, first of all, her own verses in the Editor's column with his name at the bottom. This sight, which had formerly made her so proud, now filled her with shame. The generous promise of the future failed to awaken in her any glow of hope. For the very words with which her only editor had beguiled her of her verses—the plea that they were worthless, and must be rewritten—he had used to her brother. And as her poems had never been rewritten, so would Archie's play, she felt sure, be presented without a single alteration, with the name of Mr. Alec Feilding as author. That week she took no verses to the studio-study.

And a certain paragraph in the same columns perused by this suspicious young woman brought rage—nothing short of rage—into her heart. No! not her brother, as well as herself! It ran thus: "I have always been under the impression that the dearth of good plays is due to nothing else in the world than the fact that the good men who ought to be writing them all run off into the domain of fiction. It is a pleasant country—that of Fable Land. I have been there, and I hope to go there again and make a long stay. But Play Land—that is also a pleasant country. I have been there lately, and I hope to demonstrate that a good play may still be produced in the English tongue—a good and original play. In short, I have written a romantic drama, of which all I can say at present is that it lies finished, in my fireproof safe, and that a certain actor-manager will probably play the title-role before many moons have waxed and waned."

"No," said Effie, crumpling up the paper. "You have not got Archie's romantic drama yet."

PART II.—CHAPTER VIII.

ALL ABOUT MYSELF.

"You have kept this promise, then." Armored welcomed her old friend with eyes of kindness and lips of smiles. "Do you ever think of the promise that you broke? Effie, dear"—this young lady was the only other occupant of the room—"this is Mr. Roland Lee—my first friend and my first master. He knew me long ago, in Samson, in the days of which I have told you. We have memories of our own—memories such as make the old friendships impossible to be dissolved—whatever happens. Roland, you first put a pencil into my hand and taught me how to use it. In return, I used to play old-fashioned tunes in the evening. And you first put thoughts into my head. Before you came my head was filled with phantoms, which had neither voice nor shape. What am I to do now in return for such a gift?" She gave him both her hands, and her face was so glowing, her eyes so soft yet serious withal, her voice so full of tenderness—that the luckless painter stood confused and overwhelmed. How had he deserved such a reception?

"This evening," she went on, "we are going to talk about nobody but myself, and about nothing but my own affairs. Effie, you will be horribly bored. It is five years since I had such a chance. Because, my dear, though you have the best will in the world, and would talk to me about old times if you could, you did not know me when I lived on Samson in the Scilly Islands—and Roland did. That is, if he still remembers Samson."

"I remember every day on Samson: every blade of grass on the island: every boulder and every crag."

"And every talk we had in those days?—all the things you told me?"

"I remember, as well, a girl who has so changed, so grown"

"So much the better. Then we can talk just as we used to do. But I thought you would somehow remember the girl, Roland." She looked up again, smiling. Then she hesitated, and went on slowly: "Yet I was afraid, this morning, that you might have forgotten one of the two who wandered about the island together."

"I could never forget you, Armored."

"I meant—the other—Roland."

He made no reply. In his evening dress—which was full of creases, as if it had not been put on for a very long time—he looked a little less forlorn than in the shabby old brown velvet jacket; he had brushed his hair—nay, he had even had it cut and trimmed; but there still hung about him the look of waste: his eyes were melancholy: his bearing was dejected:

he spoke with hesitation: he was even shy, like a schoolboy. Effie noted these things, and wondered. And she observed, besides, not only that his coat was creased, but that his shirt was frayed at the cuffs and torn in the front. In fact, the young man, in dropping out of society, had, as a natural consequence, neglected his wardrobe and allowed his linen to run to seed unrebuked. Every man who has been a bachelor—most of us have—remembers how shirts behave when the eye of the master is once taken off them.

He was shy because the atmosphere of the drawing-room, so dainty, so luxurious, so womanly, was strange to him. Three years and more had passed since he had been in such a room. He was also shy because this splendid creature, this girl dressed in silk and lovely lace, this miracle of girls, called herself Armored, his once simple rustic maid of Samson Isle. Further, he was ashamed because this girl remembered him as he was in the good old days, when his face was turned to the summit of the mountain and his feet were on the upward slope.

Armored had placed on the table a portfolio full of drawings.

"Now for myself," she said, gaily. "Roland, you are an artist. You must look at my drawings. Here are the best I have done. I have had many masters since you, but none that taught me so much in so short a time. Do you remember when you first found out that I could hold a pencil? You were very patient then, Master. Be lenient now."

"I had a very apt pupil," he began, turning over the drawings. "These need no leniency. These are very good indeed. You have had other and better masters."

"I have had other masters, it is true. I have done my best, Roland—to grow."

He dropped his eyes. But he continued to turn over the sketches. The drawings showed, at least, that natural aptitude which may be genius and may be that imitation of genius which is difficult to distinguish from the real gift. Many painters with no more natural aptitude than Armored have risen to be Royal Academicians.

"But these are very good indeed," Roland repeated, with emphasis. "You have, indeed, worked well, and you have the true feeling."

"Do you remember, Roland, that day when we talked about the Perfect Woman? No, I see by your eyes that you have forgotten. But I remember. I will not tell you all. One thing she had done: she had trained her eye and her hand. She knew what was good in Art, and was not carried away by any follies or fashions. I did not understand then what you meant by follies and fashions. But I am wiser now. I have been training eye and hand. I think I know a good picture, or a good statue, or a good work in any Art. Do not think me conceited, Master. I have been obedient to your instructions—that is all."

"You have the soul of an artist, Armored," said her Master. "But yet—I fear—I think—you have missed the supreme gift. You are not a great artist."

"No, I can grow no higher in painting. I have learned my own limitations. If it is only to understand and to worship the Great Masters it is worth while to get so far. Are you satisfied with your pupil?"

For a moment the old look came back to Roland's eyes. "You are the best of pupils," he said. "But I might have expected so much. Tell me how you succeeded in getting away from Samson?"

She told him, briefly, how the Ancient Lady died, how she found the family treasure, and how she had resolved to go away and learn: how she found masters and guardians: how she lived in Florence, Dresden, Paris: how she worked unceasingly. "I remembered, always, Roland, your picture of the Perfect Woman."

"Could I—I—have told you things that have made you—what you are?" It seemed as if another man had given the girl this excellent advice. Not himself—quite another man.

"Effie, dear," Armored turned to her, "you do not understand. I must tell you. Five years ago, when I lived on Samson, a girl so ignorant that it makes me tremble to think what might have happened—there came to the island a young gentleman who was so kind as to take this ignorant girl—me—in hand, and to fill her empty head with all kinds of great and noble thoughts. He was an artist by profession. Oh! an artist filled with ardour and with ambition. He would be satisfied with nothing short of the best: he taught me that none of us ought to be satisfied till we have attained our full stature, and grown as tall as we possibly can. It made that ignorant girl's heart glow only to hear him talk, because she had never heard such talk before. Then he left her, and came back no more. But presently the chance came to this girl, as you have heard, and she was able to leave the island and go where she could find masters and teachers. It is five years ago. And always, every day, Roland"—her lip quivered—"I have said to myself, 'My first master is growing taller—taller—taller—every day—I must grow as tall as I can, or else when I meet him again I shall be too insignificant for him to notice.' Always I have thought how I should meet him again. So tall, so great, so wonderful!"

Effie remarked that while Armored addressed Roland she did not look at him until the last words, when she turned and faced him with eyes running over. The man's head dropped: his fingers played with the drawings: he made no reply.

"In the evening," Armored went on, "we used to have music. I played only the old-fashioned tunes then that Justinian Tryeth taught me—do you remember the tunes, Roland? I will play one for you again." She took a violin out of the case and began to tune the strings. "This is my old fiddle. It has been Justinian's—and his father's before him. I have had other instruments since then, but I love the old fiddle best." She drew her bow across the strings. "I can play much better now, Roland. And I have much better music; but I will play only the old tunes, because I want you to remember quite clearly those two who walked and talked and sailed together. It is so easy for you to forget that young man. But I remember him very well indeed." She drew the bow across the strings again. "Now we are in the old room, while the old people are sitting round the fire. Effie, dear, put the shade over the lamp and turn it low—so—now we are all sitting in the firelight, just as it used to be on Samson—see the red light dancing about the walls. It fills your eyes and makes them glow, Roland. Oh! we are back again. What are you thinking of, artist, while the music falls upon your ears?—while I play—what shall I play? 'Dissembling Love,' which others call 'The Lost Heart'?" She played it with the old spirit, but far more than the old delicacy and feeling. "You remember that, Roland? Do you hear the lapping of the waves in Porth Bay and the breakers over Shark Point? Or is it too rustic a ditty. I will play you something better, but still the old tunes." She played first "Prince Rupert's March," and then "The Saraband"—great and lofty airs to one who can play them greatly. While she played Effie watched. In Armored's eyes she read a purpose. This was no mere play. The man she called her master listened, sitting at the table, the sketches spread out before him, ill at ease, and as one in a troubled dream.

"Do you see him again, that young man?" Armored

asked. "It makes one happy only to think of such a young man. He knew the dangers before him. 'The Way of Wealth,' he said once, 'and the Way of Pleasure draw men as if with ropes.' But he was so strong and steadfast. Nothing would turn him from his way. Not Pleasure, not Wealth, not anything mean or low. There was never any young man so noble. Oh! Do you remember him, Roland? Tell me—tell me—do you remember him?"

Over the pictures on the table he bowed his head. But he made no reply. Then Effie, watching the glittering tears in Armorel's eyes and the bowed head of the man, stole softly out of the room and closed the door.

Armorel put down her fiddle. She drew nearer to the man. His head sank lower. She stood over him, tall and queenly, as the Muse stood over Alfred de Musset. She laid her hand upon his shoulder.

"That old spirit is not dead, but sleeping, Roland. You have not driven it forth. It is your own still. You have only silenced its voice for awhile. You think that you have killed it; but you remember it still. Thank God! it has been only sleeping. If it were dead you would not remember. Let it wake again. Oh! Roland—let it wake again—again. Oh! Roland—Roland—my friend and Master!"—She could say no more.

The man raised his head. It is a shameful and a terrible thing to see the face of a man who is disgraced and conscious of his shame. Perhaps it is worse to see the face of a man who is disgraced and is unconscious of his shame. He looked round, and saw the tears in the girl's eyes and the quivering of her lips.

"The man you remember," he said hoarsely, "is dead and buried. He died three years ago and more. Another man—a poor and mean creature—walks about in his shape. He is unworthy to be in your presence. Suffer him to go, and think of him no longer."

"Not another man, because you remember the former. Roland, come back, my old friend; come back!"

"It is too late." But he wavered.

"It is never too late. Oh! I wonder—was it the Way of Pleasure or was it the Way of Wealth?"

"Do I look," he asked bitterly, "as if it was the Way of Pleasure?"

"It is not too late, Roland. You have sinned against yourself. If it were too late you would be happy after the kind of those who can live in sin and be happy. Since you are not happy, it is not too late. The doors of heaven stand open night and day for all."

"You talk the old language, Armorel."

"It is the language of my soul. I will say the same thing in any tongue you please, so that you understand me."

"To go back—to begin all over again—to go on as if the last three years had never been!"

"Yes—yes—as if they had never been! That is best. As if they had never been."

"Armorel, do you know," he asked her quickly—"do you know the thing—the Awful Thing—that I have done?"

"Do not tell me. Never tell me."

"Some day, I think I must. What shall I say, now?"

"Say that your footsteps are turned in the old way, Roland."

He pushed back the chair and stood up. Now, if they had been measured, he would have proved four inches and a half taller than the girl, for he was half an inch short of six feet, and she was exactly five feet seven. Yet as they stood face to face, it seemed to him—and to her as well—as if she towered over him by as many inches as separate the tallest woman from the smallest man. Nature thus accommodates herself to the mental condition of the moment.

The small man, however, did a very strange thing. He drew forth a pocket-book and took from it what Armorel perceived to be a cheque. This he deliberately tore across twice, and threw the fragments into the fire.

"You do not understand this act, Armorel. It is the turning of the footstep."

She took his hand and pressed it. "I pray," she said, "that the way may prove less thorny than you think!"

Nature, again accommodating herself, caused the small, mean man to grow suddenly several inches. There was still a goodly difference between the two, but it was lessened. More than that, the man continued to grow; and his face was brighter, and his eyes less haggard.

"I will go now, Armorel," he said.

"You will come again—soon?"

"Not yet. I will come again, when the shame of the present belongs to the past."

"No. You shall come often. But of past or present we will speak no more. Tell me, in your own good time, Roland, how you fare. But do not desert your old pupil. Come to see me often."

He bowed his head and went away.

"Effie," said Armorel, "I cannot tell you what all this means."

"It means a man who has fallen," said the girl, wise with poetic instinct. "Anyone could see failure and shame written on his face. It ought to be a noble face, but something has gone out of it. You knew him long ago—when he was different—and you tried to bring him to his old self. Oh! Armorel—you are wonderful—you were his better spirit—you were his muse—calling him back."

She laid her hand in Armorel's. They stood together in silence. Then Armorel spoke.

"I feared it was quite another man—a new man—a stranger that I had found. But it was not. It was the same man after all."

Effie stooped and picked up a fragment of paper lying on the hearth. "Mr. Feilding's signature," she said, unthinkingly. At times, when one is moved, trifles sometimes seem to acquire importance.

"That? It is part of a cheque which he tore up. Effie, dear—it was good of you to go away and leave us when you did. Perhaps he would not have spoken so freely if you had been here. Oh! he is the same man, after all. He has come back to me. Effie, tell me; but you know no more than I. If you once loved a man, and if you suffered the thought of him to lie in your heart for years, and if you filled him with all the virtues that there are, and if he grew in your heart to be a knight perfect at all points!"

"Well, Armorel?" For she stopped, and Effie took her hand.

"Oh! Effie," she replied, with glowing cheeks; "could you ever afterwards love another man? Could you ever cease to love that man of your imagination? Could any meaner man content you? For my part—never!—never!—never!"

(To be continued.)

Lord Rayleigh has been elected a correspondent of the Paris Academy of Science, in the department of Physics.

Her Majesty's corvette Sapphire, which recently returned to Sheerness from the China station, has been condemned as unfit for further service as an effective ship of war.

A SPRING MORNING.

'Tis a month before the month of May,
And spring comes slowly up this way.

On a bright morning in early spring, perhaps more than at any other time, the sweet influence of Nature makes itself felt. Late spring, with its lush meadows and lustrous woodland, the pause and quiet rest of Nature's work in midsummer, the deepening shades, and sober hours of autumn, have their charms for those who "muse on Nature with a poet's eye"; but the most joyous time of all is when the earth is waking from long winter's sleep beneath a sun growing warmer day by day. The swallow has not yet winged his way over the seas, nor cuckoo's glad shout been heard; of migratory birds only the chiff-chaff has arrived, or wheatear, crying *chack, chack*, about the barren spots. Though there is little indeed to see of spring, yet the air is full of feeling.

Robin and thrush, and other more homely birds that never desert our woods and gardens, and should be loved the more for that cause; hold concerts of their own from earliest peep of day. The busy starling whistles from the eaves in his moments of leisure, the chaffinch gives out his one little strain from a treetop, blackbird answers blackbird down the lane and across the meadow, and a robin will go with you along the road perching on every stump and there singing a few notes till you come up. The songs are not rich with the melody of June, when each bird vies with every other; but they have a freshness which wears off later on.

At seven in the morning the air is chill, and the ground damp with dewdrops that glitter on dead leaf and grass like the jewels on a lady's fingers. The early flowering currant is blushing red in the garden, and the almond-trees, fair emblem of hope, are beginning to scent the air. An "ouzel-cock so black of hue," as Shakespeare called the blackbird, is out on the lawn, cocking his tail in his own peculiar way at each pause in his search for worms.

Out in the wood the sunbeams slant through the trees, and glisten on the dewdrops that sparkle everywhere, and here and there on a solitary gossamer thread. Few trees are budding yet, but there is promise on many if you look close. The palm is out, and catkins hang like tassels from the hazels. Black poplar and larch are showing tender green. Among the roots a few buds and flowers of daffodil are visible, but it is yet too early to look for cowslip in the meadow or anemone and hyacinth in the coppice.

The time is a happy one for birds, since the only errand of destruction on which man is bound at this time of year is fishing. Most birds seem to know that they have now less to fear from him, and that he has not taken out "God's certificate" against them. But at the brook his presence is known and dreaded. A cow may come and put her soft lips to the water; a kingfisher may shoot by, like a flash of blue light, under the arch of overhanging trees, or sit on a bough over the stream with his beak sunk on his breast; a water-ouzel may perch and jerk his tail upon a boulder; even an otter, log-like, may float down stream and peer about; but no panic will seize the trout like that which seizes them when man's hat or arm appears over the bushes. Now, indeed, even the more cautious and suspicious birds seem to fear man's presence less.

If you are lucky, you may perchance hear the faint *trui, trui* of a redwing. The bird does not stay in England for the summer months, but is on its way to breed in Iceland or the Faroes. His cousin, the fieldfare, shy because so much shot at, is about too. Look through the hedges on to the meadows, and there you see the little flock of starlings that gather round a feeding cow. Where the young grass is beginning to shoot up, the shy missel-thrushes are astir, hopping along, listening, and darting their bills into the soft turf. They have seen you, and are off directly into the nearest copse. Thence a commotion arises which tells that a magpie or jay has attacked the nest of one of them with hope of plunder. Early though it is, the nest in the wide fork of a tree holds two greenish eggs, which only the fearless attitude of the thrush will save from the marauder. You will not now be able to get within four score yards of them; for if magpies and jays had not been the wariest of all birds, they would long ago have been exterminated among other sacrifices to sport.

Later on in the day a few brimstone butterflies appear, but only for a short time, while the sun's full power is felt; they flit about, searching in vain for flowers to taste. But only the daffodil is out, and they will have nothing to say to that flower: it seems they fear it would put to shame their own bright saffron colour. Later on, too, the lambs, as yet only able to gambol in ungainly fashion, frisk in the meadows; their black legs are as long and nearly as thick as their little bodies. All around young life is budding, with promise of fuller life to come. All God's bounty and Nature's largesse are for man now to think of; the beauty of the spring and the increase of the year for his eyes to take note of. Under foot are the dead leaves, tokens of winter's troubles past; around and about us the air is a fount of freshness breathing the joy of hope and promise.

C. S. H.

The State apartments of Windsor Castle will be open to the public on and after Easter Monday.

Mr. John Aird, M.P., presided on March 26 at the seventh festival dinner of the Albert Orphan Asylum, held at the Savoy Hotel. During the evening contributions to the funds of the asylum were announced amounting to £2347, including an annual subscription of ten guineas from the Queen and a donation of £25 from the Duke of Edinburgh.

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THE PLAYHOUSES.

Mr. Charles Wyndham has returned, and the Criterion is itself. It will no longer be necessary to conduct the fortunes of that theatre through the Atlantic cable—an expensive process, I should say—for the Captain is home again, and has been cheered heartily when he was first seen standing on his own bridge. There is not much more to be said about "David Garrick," except that Mr. Wyndham has improved his reading of the part, particularly in the love-scene—the one scene that Sothorn—with all his desire to do so—could never master. Most actors when they have played a part for a long time become careless in it; but Charles Wyndham becomes confident. Mr. William Farren, by his assumption of the character of old Ingot, gives weight and dignity to the play; but, on the other hand, so refined a rendering of the part brings into ludicrous contrast all the pantomimic antics and rude horse-play of the guests of the dignified old citizen. Old Ingot becomes a possible person, but his friends are more than ever impossible.

I wish I could be convinced, even "against my will," that the "trial matinée" was of the slightest value to any human being. There is a glut of them in the market just now, and each one produces a more preposterous play than the last. Of what earthly value was it to Mr. Hiller to bring his "No. 2" up to London, engage a theatre for it, get it rehearsed, spend valuable money over it, and hope to amuse even one sane person with his farcical comedy, which has no plot, no scheme of characters, no gleam of humour, no beginning, middle, or ending? Molière used to read his plays to his cook. The author's educated housemaid could have told him that his play was valueless. It did not require a jury of critics to decide the worthlessness of such a production. A jury of babies would have done just as well. And there is another point. Are managers wise in lending their theatres for such abortive attempts as these? Is it judicious to lower the character of a playhouse by identifying it with such silly productions? Of course Mr. Thorne has really nothing to do with the play, further than allowing it a foothold at the Vaudeville; but the public are not always so wise as they are believed to be, and there may be some benighted individuals who one day when the Vaudeville is mentioned will say, "Oh! dear, no, do not let us go there. Don't you remember going that afternoon when we saw that wretched play?" Is everybody supposed to discriminate between a managerial and an amateur matinée? I opine not. But, of course, all this is on the assumption that there are human beings who do pay for seats at these trial matinées. Can confidence really go so far as that? It is miraculous.

The list of Easter novelties at the playhouses is alarming, and, for the first time in the history of the English stage, we see novelties in Holy Week. A very few years ago all the theatres were closed in the week before Easter, and, when the official restriction was removed, in nine cases out of ten managers seldom availed themselves of the privilege of opening. They preferred a rest and green fields. But how our grandmothers and grandfathers would open their eyes if they were told that an English theatre was opened for public performance on the eve of Good Friday with a play called "A Village Priest"! "Tempora mutantur." Yes! "Nos et mutamur in illis!"

A capable dramatist might have made a good play out of Rider Haggard's "Jess," but, unfortunately, good dramatic workmen are seldom employed on strong novels. The theory is that, once write a book, the plays come of themselves. But that theory has again and again been upset by practical experience. "She" and "Jess" both contained the material for capital plays, but they were handled nervously, and consequently failed. Miss Eweretta Laurence and Mr. Bisgood would be wise if they took their play back and reconsidered it. As it stands it contains the talk of the heroine without her soul, the outline of the character without the woman. And as for the hero, he becomes a very pitiful creature in the play, which wholly wants backbone and dramatic fibre. The new drama, tried at an Adelphi matinée, certainly did not suffer from bad acting. Mr. J. D. Beveridge as the fine old farmer settler in the Transvaal, Mr. C. Dalton as the fiendishly vindictive and cruel Boer chief, and Miss Helen Forsyth as the pretty confiding sister of the strong-minded and passionate Jess, have seldom done anything better. And, in strong character assumption, Mr. Julian Cross as a Dutch farmer, and Mr. Athol Ford as a bloodthirsty Hottentot servant, stood out from the rest and distinguished themselves. But then there were blunders that were not so agreeable to the spectator. The stage was too dark, most of the best scenes were invisible to the audience, and the heroine-audress was not able to realise her able conception of Mr. Haggard's nobly planned woman. The character of Jess requires an actress of great tact and resource. An experienced manager would not have required a trial matinée to prove that the new play required correction and added strength before it was fit for production.

C. S.

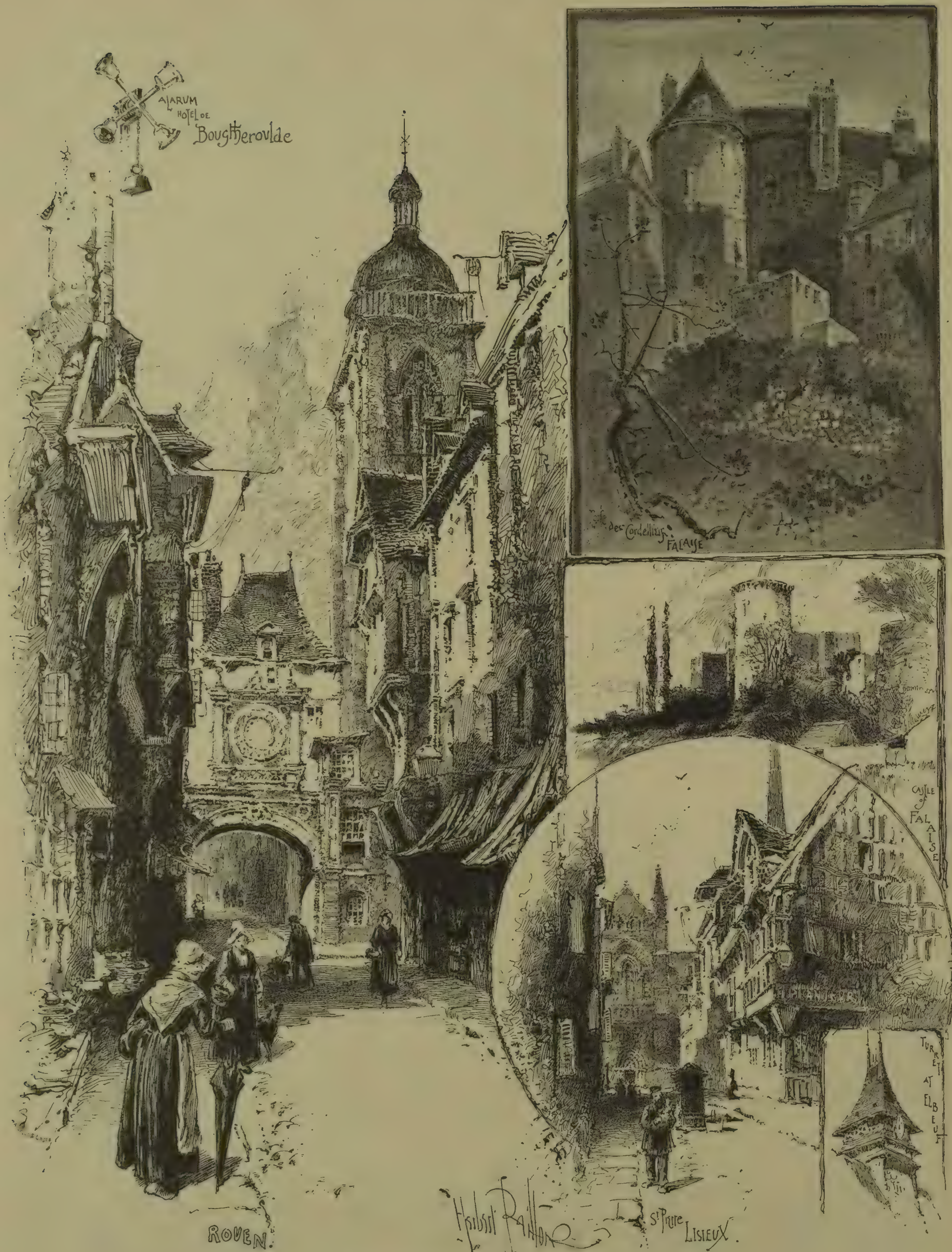
ASSOCIATED CHAMBERS OF COMMERCE.

The thirtieth annual meeting of the Association of Chambers of Commerce of the United Kingdom was opened at the Hôtel Métropole on March 25, Colonel Hill, M.P., presiding. The report was adopted, and on the motion of Mr. Firth, of Heckmondwike, seconded by Mr. Howard Vincent, it was resolved that a memorial be presented to the Marquis of Salisbury and to the President of the United States in favour of a Treaty between the two countries for arbitration in case of disputes. A resolution was also adopted in favour of providing boards of conciliation and arbitration for labour disputes.

At the second day's meeting of the Association, resolutions were adopted in favour of memorialising the Government to spend more money upon existing harbours, in approval of the scheme of improved commercial education promoted by the London Chamber of Commerce, in favour of urging local authorities to give effect to the Technical Instruction Act, and in some other subjects. The members dined together at the Hôtel Métropole in the evening. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach discussed the attitude that France will probably assume towards this country when, in 1892, the commercial treaties terminate. He pointed out how much it would be to the interests of France if she then adopted a Free Trade policy.

At the concluding meeting, March 27, of the Associated Chambers of Commerce, resolutions were passed in favour of the establishment of a School of Forestry, of complete protection being given throughout the British Empire to trade-marks registered to any part, of extending to the country the provisions of the Metropolis Valuation Act of 1869, and of permitting legislative measures to be taken up at the stage at which they were left in a previous Session.

At a soirée held on March 27 at the Clapham Congregational Church, the Rev. J. Guinness Rogers, the pastor, was presented by the congregation with an address and a cheque for 1100 guineas in recognition of his twenty-five years' ministry. On behalf of the ladies of the congregation a silver tea-service was at the same time presented to Mrs. Rogers.



RAMBLING SKETCHES: OUR ARTIST IN NORMANDY.

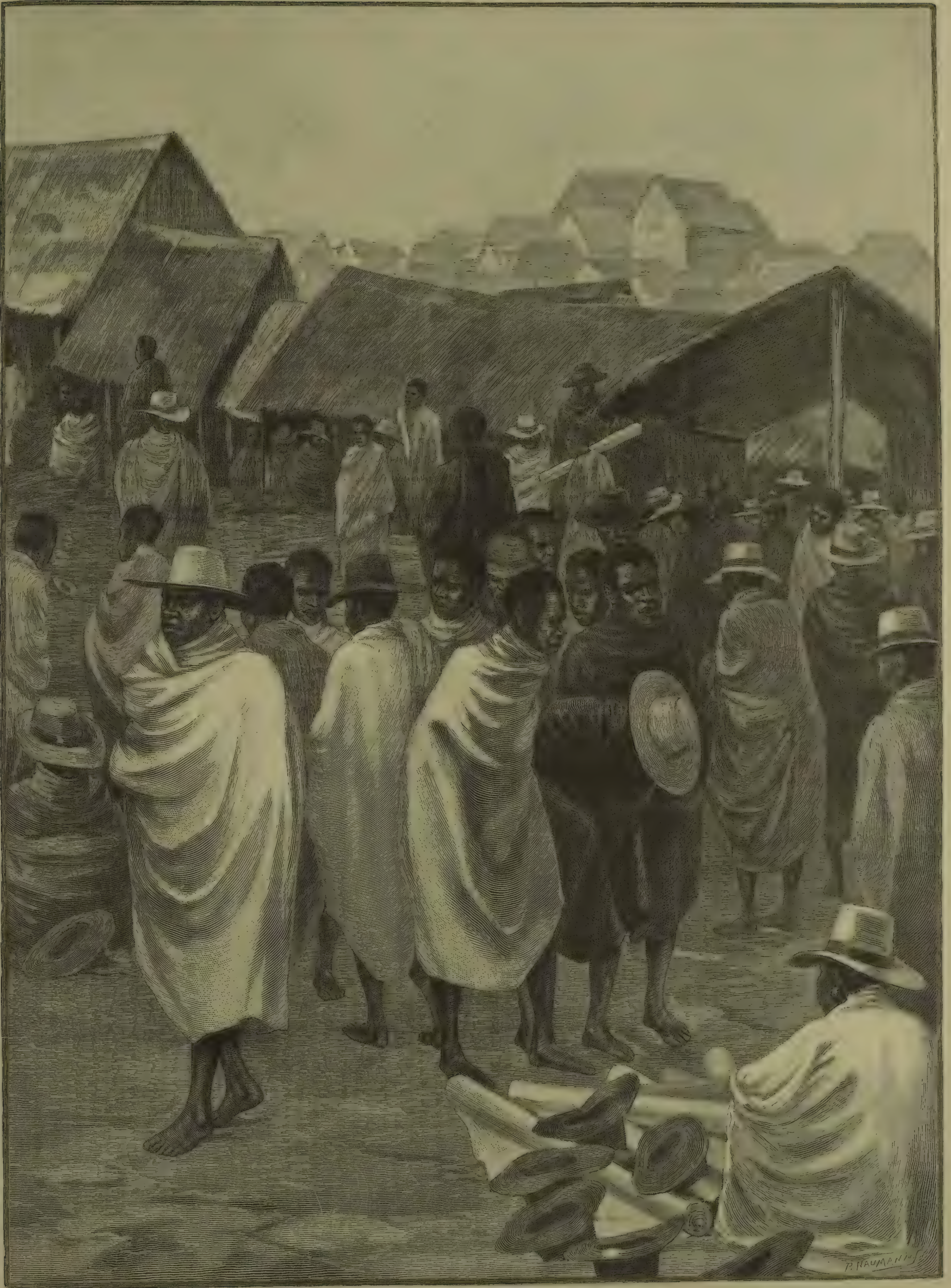
That neighbouring country, the ancient Duchy of the strong men of remote Scandinavian race, but of French language and manners, who founded and ruled the kingdom of England, stamping the character of orderly government and fixed legal authority on the institutions of this realm, must ever be interesting; and it is a pleasant land for the tourist.

Rouen, the fine old queen-city of this fair province of modern France, sits cheerfully on the rising bank of the broad bright Seine, overlooking the wide reaches and vast bends of that noble river: its quays and bridges present a lively scene of popular activity, while the towers of the Cathedral, and of the Abbey Church of St. Ouen assert their dignity amid the abodes of bustling industry and trade.

To describe those grand old churches, and that of St.

Maclou and the other architectural ornaments of Rouen, the Palais de Justice, the Hôtel Bourgtheroulde, and many curious relics of antiquity in the way of building and sculpture, would far exceed our space. The old streets, with their timber-framed house-fronts overhanging the ground floor, and with gables of various angles and heights, are full of picturesque effects. Our Artist has sketched the gatehouse and archway called "La Grosse Horloge," which gives its name to the street. It was built in 1527, on the site of a former city gate, "La Porte Massacre," which had been the scene of terrible carnage in one of the sieges of Rouen; but the adjacent tower, which contains the town belfry—the "beffroi," used for the tocsin to summon the citizens to arms—is of the fourteenth century. We do not know whether the old town clock still keeps good time, but it

is dear to the hearts of good townsmen. It is in La Basse Normandie, and chiefly in the Department of Calvados, that memorials of the history of our Norman Kings are chiefly found. The Castle of Falaise, the reputed birthplace of Duke William, the Conqueror of England, is a grand square keep, connected with a lofty round tower, and with a long irregular line of ramparts and smaller towers, evidently of much later date. Its situation, on a steep rocky hill, is striking and commanding. An old gatehouse of the town, the Porte des Cordeliers, bears witness to the historical importance of Falaise as a fortified place. Another notable town is Lisieux, with its interesting Cathedral Church of St. Pierre, an Early Gothic edifice of the thirteenth century, which has not escaped our Artist's pencil.



MARKET FOR MANCHESTER GOODS, ANTANANARIVO, MADAGASCAR,

ANTANANARIVO, MADAGASCAR.

Another Sketch of the city of Antananarivo, the capital of the Hova Kingdom, in the interior of the great island of Madagascar, is furnished by the lady, Mrs. James Procter, to whom we owe several interesting contributions. The market-place of a native people is everywhere an instructive spectacle; and the progress of civilisation among the most advanced nation of the "Malagasy," especially in this town of 80,000 or 90,000 inhabitants, is evinced by the demand for articles of household and personal comfort, and by the improvement of their useful industries. Cotton, silk, flax, and hemp are largely cultivated and woven into textile fabrics which are cheap, durable, and sometimes highly ornamental. Iron is skilfully worked, and Madagascar cutlery is offered for sale; boots and shoes are made of the hides of their oxen. There is, however, a considerable import of English and American calico and sheeting. Food of all kinds is abundant. The money currency is peculiar, the French dollar, or five-franc piece, being cut up with shears into small pieces of silver, which have to be weighed for payment, causing much inconvenience. Much trade is carried on, as in East Africa, by the Banyans, or Indian commercial class, who are subjects of the British Empire, and who return to Bombay or Madras when they have made their fortunes.

ART EXHIBITIONS.

THE NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB.

"New English Art," to say the least, is both bold and honest. It has given proof of its self-reliance in breaking with the traditions handed down by generations of painters, and it has now taken the still more audacious step of setting up its exhibition in Knightsbridge instead of in Bond-street or Pall-mall. It is honest too, for, calling itself a "club," it makes no pretence of opening its doors to all comers—although it is willing enough to invite guests—and, further, it pushes its honesty to the verge of Quixotic self-denial—by substituting side or face light for the ordinary skylight hitherto deemed necessary for the successful display of oil paintings. Possibly purchasers of pictures who have only seen them in exhibitions, and when lighted from above, are surprised at the different aspect their purchase wears when hung upon their walls. No such disenchantment will await if they supply their needs from the products of "New English Art." How far the course adopted by the club will meet with the approval of the public is another matter—and while the situation of the club (Humphrey's Buildings, opposite the Knightsbridge Barracks) leaves little to be desired, the gloom into which many of the pictures are thrown is much to their detriment.

The exponents of "New English Art" are, for the most part, followers, and in some cases students, of new French art. The rapid transfer of the painter's thoughts, the instantaneous seizure of a passing mood, whether in a face or a landscape, are matters of more importance in their eyes than manual dexterity, or accepted *technique*, or even careful finish. At times the painters have their reward, and it would be difficult to find in any picture gallery a more refined and delicate appreciation of mountain and cloud, water and atmosphere, than in the group of pictures of which the centre is occupied by Mr. William Stott of Oldham's "Amethyst Cloud" (76), in the midst of which the snow-white head of the Jungfrau rises majestically—a real *chef-d'œuvre* of taste and execution, worthily surrounded by Mr. Reffitt Oldfield's "Pen Cwm" (73), "Salhouse Broad" (75), and a "Spring Idyll" (77), in which Wales, East Anglia, and Surrey are treated with rare poetic feeling. One not less remarkable feature of New English Art is the rapid increase in the number of its disciples. Two or three years its adherents could barely furnish works to cover the walls of a single gallery, while now four large rooms—respectively named the Saloon, the Yellow Room, the Red Room, and the Green Room, from the predominant colour of the decorations—barely suffice to accommodate nearly two hundred works of various descriptions and degrees of merit.

Among the full-length portraits, that of Miss Fancourt (9), by Mr. Walter Sickert, catches the graceful and easy attitude which a lady may have taken when, just disembarrassed of her cloak, she is about to walk upstairs. The picture is unfortunately hung—for, as the lady's dress is black against a black background, it requires a very concentrated light to do justice to the "values" of the work. The only light falling upon the lady (as painted) is from above, and there is not more falling on the canvas from the far-off window. Mr. Sickert's other two works are also portraits—one of Mr. Bradlaugh (27), in apparently indifferent health; and the other of a brother artist, Mr. Wilson Steer (104), who in return sends a portrait of Mr. Walter Sickert (101)—a Roland for an Oliver—where our preference is for the former work. The best and most attractive portrait is that of Miss Lily Hanbury (34), by Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen—a graceful girl in an unaffected pose, upon whom the artist has had little need to exercise his imagination to render her attractive. The drapery, which is of various tones of blue, is light and transparent, and contrasting in this respect with the heaviness and stiffness of the dress of Mr. E. A. Walton's portrait (126), on the finish of whose face very considerable pains have, however, been bestowed. Mr. Theodore Roussel's portrait of a little girl (13) in a spotted muslin frock is as charming as M. Jacques Blanche's two studies of a hideous child (51, 52) in blue are irritating and repulsive. Mr. James Guthrie's pastel study (61) of a girl's head, and Miss Henriette Corkran's accomplished use of the same medium for her "Clotilde" (83), are both delightful works; and Mr. Fred. Brown's full-length portrait (113) of a lady in a green dress, that by Mrs. Delina Joseph of her husband (157), and Mr. James Guthrie's oil study of "Lily" (148) are among the most noteworthy of the portrait subjects; while Mr. Sidney Starr's of Mrs. Brandon Thomas (25) is perhaps the most startling performance in the way of perspective and painting in the whole exhibition.

Among the figure subjects there are several which are worthy of notice. For instance, Miss Rose Mackay's "Quiet Corner" is, in spite of its sombre tone, full of rich and careful colouring; Miss M. S. Grose's "Breton Interior" (12) is a distinct advance upon previous work—in which, however, the white clothes of the little cot are a discordant element; and Mr. Wilson Steer's "Signorina Sozo" (115) is a clever music-hall effect.

The landscapes also include some interesting work, marked by delicate, though occasionally extravagant, colouring. Unfortunately the tendency of the school to select unpromising subjects for their skill is too frequent. Of such, Mr. Ludovici's "Park-lane" (17)—very grey and too uniform in texture throughout—Mr. J. T. Drysdale's "Edgware-road" (35); and Mr. William Kennedy's "Stirling Station" (28) are the most conspicuous. Of the more attractive subjects, often treated with a true sense of natural beauty and effect, are Mr. George Clausen's "Sheepfold" (15), Mr. Buxton Knight's "Hunting Morning" (97), Mr. Arthur Tomson's "Ploughing up Hill" (102), Miss Edith Robinson's "November" (143)—a study of chrysanthemums in a greenhouse—Mr. John Lavery's "Summer's Evening" (102), Mr. W. J. Laidlay's "Moonrise on

Horsely Mere" (176), Miss Jane Inglis's "Killarney" (177), and Miss Aileen MacLachlan's "Edge of the Wood" (180).

The sea, especially in its more angry moments, has apparently great attractions for the "New English" school; and it must be admitted that the effects they reproduce are frequently vivid and forcible. The group with which the "Yellow Room" opens is especially noteworthy—Miss Annie Baker's "Seashore" (43). Mr. Nelson Dawson's "Off Bamborough Head" (44), and Mr. Fritz Althaus's "After a Storm" (45), showing three aspects of broken water, in all ways most original. To these should be added Mr. Moffat Lindner's "Breakers" (65), Mr. Fred Jackson's "Bad Weather" (105), and Mr. Frank Short's "Polperro Harbour" (134), spoilt, however, by the hard lines of the pier, which, if omitted from the picture altogether, would have been better for the artist's popularity. We must not omit to notice Mr. R. A. Brownlie's "Street in Pittenweem" (139), an old Fife fishing town, or Mr. Ernest Dade's "Barking Nets" (128), a remarkably clever study of the ways of fisher-folk and their surroundings.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

Notwithstanding the doleful forebodings with which the summer exhibition at this gallery (Suffolk-street, Pall-mall) was heralded, it must frankly be allowed that, if anything, the display is stronger than usual. This is especially the case with the water colours—some of which are of an exceptionally high average; and, if the painters in oils are content with a certain level of mediocrity, they may be credited with having attained the limit of their ambition. Mr. F. Brangwyn does not repeat his success of last year by his self-plagiarism entitled "Conjecture" (294)—a group of fishermen watching through the mist the approach of a strange vessel. The perspective is not satisfactory in any way, and, worse than all, the level of the pier and the waves it is intended to withstand seems to be identical. The study of a fishing village in the snow—entitled "January" (352)—is in some respects more interesting. The place of distinction is accorded to Mr. R. J. Gordon's "Proposal" (387)—a young and somewhat inane young man leaning over a settee talking to a lady in a yellow dress on a subject which apparently interests her but slightly, and certainly arouses no emotion. An even more ambitious work is Mr. Charles Marshall's "Heir Presumptive" (380), who, apparently suffering from ringworm or some other local disorder, is being subjected to the inspection of a superannuated village apothecary. Mr. L. C. Henley's "Harmony" (258) and "Discord" (267) are variations of a well-known theme, in which eighteenth-century furniture and costume play almost as important parts as the two figures who manage to quarrel and make it up again in the approved style of the drawing-room duet. Mr. Wyke Bayliss surpasses himself in his love of Gothic ornament shrouded with a sort of misty atmosphere, which is not common to Italian cathedrals save when the incense rises in fragrant clouds. Nevertheless, his "Monza Cathedral" (264) is a fine conception, worked out with much labour and skill. Mr. J. R. Reid's brilliant colouring is used to good purpose in his seaside scenes, "When the Boats Come In" (314) and "A Little Mother" (453); but the effect produced is rather that of a clever trick than of careful painting. Among the other pictures in the large room may be mentioned Mr. F. H. Parker's "Lilies in the Garden" (268), which rather suggests the old saying about the wood being invisible because of the trees; Mr. Davidson Knowles's "Reverie" (275), a full-length portrait of a lady of ample proportions but colourless flesh; Mr. W. H. Pike's "Corridor of St. Mark's" (301), a jumble of tourists, beggars, and worshippers; Mr. H. G. Glindoni's "In the Provinces" (305), acrobats performing in presence of the patrons of the village ale-house; Mr. R. Morley's "Last Gleam of Evening" (307), a clever work, with considerable poetic feeling; Mr. J. L. Pickering's "Devon Stream" (318), one of the most successful landscapes in the exhibition; Mr. Yeend King's "Spring Blossoms" (343), an interesting work, although chiefly a study of apple-blossoms, but showing a new departure by this artist; Mr. James E. Grace's "Backwater" (346), a pleasant Thames study, but a trifle black and cheerless; Mr. D. Porter's "Quiet Enjoyment" (349); Mr. Val Davis's "Calm of a Midwinter's Day" (355); Mr. Nelson Dawson's "Summer's Day" (400); and Mr. S. Sidley's "Ethel" (406), a really powerful arrangement in red of a lady in a gauze dress, gracefully posed and finely painted.

In the smaller room there is little to attract the visitor in search of novelty. Mr. V. P. Yglesias's study of Rustale Common (509), under fog and snow, is a clever bit of painting; but Mr. G. Sheridan Knowles's "Maidenhod" (550) is somewhat too far advanced towards womanhood to stir our enthusiasm, although great credit must be given to him for his arrangement of subdued colour and drapery. Mr. R. W. Rowse's "Moated Farm" (491), Mr. Will Anderson's "Brookhill Common" (498), Mr. S. S. Noble's "Scotch Cattle" (500) in the rain, Mr. Maurice Page's "Wayfarers' Rest," Mr. Howgate's "Evening Grey" (566) are also worthy of notice; as is, especially, Mr. Arthur Dodd's "On the Benches" (525)—a scene of kennel life.

The water colours, on the other hand, are of more than usual interest, and the council have done well to assign to them the two first rooms. Mr. Jackson Curnock's studies of North Wales scenery are always sympathetic, and bear evidence of thorough mastery of both art and subject, and his talent is well displayed in the view "On the Lleddr" (6) and a wet day, "Dolwyddelan" (98); Mr. J. M. Bromley's "Summer Shallows" (15), conceived upon a large scale, is a very effective bit of river scenery; Mr. Hubert Medlycote's "Thames at Erith" (13), Mr. Follen Bishop's "Parting Day" (33), Mr. Wyke Bayliss's "Abbey of St. Wulfran, Abbeville" (46), and Mr. Rupert Steven's "Showery Day in Suffolk" (76) are all good specimens of their respective painters' work, but displaying little novelty of thought or treatment. Mr. Stuart Lloyd's "Dartmouth Castle" (61) makes one of the brightest, sunniest spots on our coast look cold and hard, but Mr. A. W. Weedon is as successful in catching the "Slopes of Ben Eay" (80) as Mr. Albert Stevens has been with "Glenorchy" (87), with its mingled sunshine and cloud. Mr. Brockbank's "Brook" (91), Mr. T. B. Hardy's "Thames Tunnel Pier" (84) and "Fresh Breeze on the Medway" (120), Mr. T. Macmaster's "Leven Sands" (99), Mr. Gordon Browne's "Rival Games" (134)—one of the few really humorous pictures—and Mr. Carlton Smith's "Taking it Easy" (21)—a servant seated on the kitchen table—are all of them works which quite come up to the average of the British Artists' Exhibition. Mr. F. J. James's "Westmoreland Farm" (147), although light and dexterous in treatment, is spoilt by the meagreness of its foreground; Mr. William Pitt has some pleasant bits of Brittany towns; and Miss Eleanor Brace gives considerable promise by her "Village Churchyard" (233), of which the colouring especially is praiseworthy.

MESSRS. DOWDESWELLS.

The collection, mainly composed of the works of French artists, which has been brought together in this gallery (160, New Bond-street) offers rare attractions to those who appreciate French art at its best period. In a certain way,

the present exhibition is supplementary to that held in the same rooms last year, with this important difference, that by far the larger number of the present works are for sale, and that thus an opportunity is afforded of making good some important omissions which occur in our public and private collections of French pictures. The names included in the catalogue are those of artists whose influence upon contemporary art has been of the highest importance, and in many cases the specimens here offered to view convey a very fair impression of the artists' style.

Taking the collection in the order of arrangement, Charles Jacque, whose skill as a painter of sheep is unsurpassed by our own Ansdell, is represented by a marvellously lighted "Pâturage" (1), which lies along the borders of a bright little copse. A little farther on is a "Seigneur" (4) by Roybet, painted with the firmness and directness of purpose which this disciple of Velasquez can at times reproduce. Diaz (De la Peña), one of the ablest of the Romanticists, whose work in various fields of art brought him well-earned honours, is represented by four pictures—all interesting, but of which that of "Fontainebleau" (11), with its rain-charged sky, is the most characteristic. Corot, best known to us as a landscape-painter, who saw Ville d'Avray in so many aspects, is here to be found as a painter of figure subjects—"La Lettre" (14)—as well as of landscapes (15-18). Decamps, Troyon, Théodore Rousseau, among the elders, are also fairly represented. But the real strength of the exhibition, in point of numbers, if not of power, rests with two deceased painters—the colourist Monticelli, whose "Fête Champêtre" (61) is a *chef-d'œuvre* of the master; his contemporary Louis Hervier, a scarcely recognised genius, whose "Wood-Scene" (86) well stands the ordeal of being hung between two Old Crones, and whose "Poultry Market" (66), "Farmyard" (73), "Village" (77), and "Sheepshed" (84) deserve more than ordinary study. Two living artists also give useful support to this exhibition—Mr. Henry Muhrmann, a German by descent, an American by birth and training, and an Englishman, of the later school, by adoption; and Signor Segantini, an Italian, for whom Dutch art has overpowering attractions, and whose love of sharp clear atmosphere in nature gives a quaint hard tone to his work. And many will turn from his work to that of Georges Michel, whose mastery over his art, as over his imagination, is more complete. Among so many foreigners it is pleasant to find space accorded to two of our own countrymen, Mr. Robert Noble and Mr. Swan, whose work at Burlington House last year placed them in the front rank of the younger artists of the day. Altogether the exhibition is as interesting a one as will be found in the narrow "parallelogram of art," where at this season so many displays of pictures are to be found to suit all tastes, and to while away many half-hours.

MUSIC.

The second concert of the new season of the Philharmonic Society brought forward, for the first time in this country, a selection from the music composed by M. Benoit for the drama "Charlotte Corday," recently produced with much success abroad. The name of the composer will be remembered in association with his oratorio "Lucifer," which was performed by the Royal Choral Society, conducted by Mr. Barnby, at the Albert Hall, in April last year. The dramatic music given at the recent Philharmonic concert consisted, besides the overture, of three movements, respectively entitled "Idylle," "La Scène de Bal," and "Marche Funèbre et Révolutionnaire." The scoring of the music displays the same skill in the use of very strong orchestral colouring that was observable in the composer's "Lucifer"; but the effect of his dramatic music is scarcely realised in the absence of theatrical surroundings. French revolutionary airs—including, of course, the "Marseillaise"—are introduced with appropriate aptitude. The movement that seemed to be most approved in the concert performance was that including the ball scene; but the general impression left by the extracts was that of exaggerated effort—an impression which might be favourably modified if the music were heard with its intended accessories. The composer, who conducted his work, was favourably received. The concert included Vieuxtemps's fourth violin concerto (in D minor), the difficulties of which were brilliantly executed by M. Ysaye, who also played a Prelude and Gavotte by Bach. M. Blaauwaert sang, with good expression, some not very interesting songs by Huberti. Other features of the programme call for no specific mention. The orchestral performances (conducted by Mr. Cowen) were worthy of the high reputation of the Philharmonic society.

The Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall have closed their thirty-second season. The last of the afternoon performances, on March 29, presented a Beethoven selection, comprising some representative works belonging to different periods of the composer's career. Mr. N. Salmond was the vocalist. The final evening concert of the series offered, as hitherto, a selection of special interest, comprising compositions by classical masters of the past, and music by composers of recent and present periods. The programme included the names of Madame Néruda and Herr Joachim as leading and solo violinists, with MM. Ries, Straus, Gibson, and Piatti at the associated stringed instruments; Misses Zimmermann and F. Davies as solo pianists, and Miss L. Lehmann as vocalist. Amateurs will regret the suspension of these excellent concerts, and will gladly hail their resumption, as usual, in the late autumn season.

The programme of the Saturday afternoon concert at the Crystal Palace on March 29 included Beethoven's "Mount of Olives," sometimes called an oratorio, but more properly entitled a cantata. Dr. Bridge's setting of the hymn "Rock of Ages" was also included in the programme.

The Wind Instrument Chamber Music Society announced their second concert of the season, at the Royal Academy of Music, for March 28. The programme was of strong classical interest. The Musical Artists' Society gave a concert at Princes' Hall on March 29; and the students of Trinity College, London, announced their orchestral concert on March 31 at Princes' Hall, April 2 having been the date of a concert of the Guildhall School of Music.

For April 1, a performance of Bach's "St. Matthew" Passion music, with augmented choir and full orchestra, was appointed to be given in St. Paul's Cathedral.

For Good Friday a grand performance of the "Messiah" was announced by the Royal Choral Society at the Albert Hall, and sacred concerts at the Crystal Palace and St. James's Hall, the solo vocalists in each case having been eminent artists. On the same occasion a performance of Bach's "St. John" Passion music, with full orchestral accompaniments, was organised at St. Anne's Church, Soho.

In our next issue we shall have to report the opening of a new London season of performances of operas in English by the Carl Rosa Opera Company, beginning at Drury-Lane Theatre on April 5. The English version of Gounod's "Roméo et Juliette" was announced for the opening night. It was one of the several successes obtained by the company during their recent season at the Royal Court Theatre, Liverpool, where it was produced in January last.

THE EASTER VOLUNTEER MANŒUVRES.

Let us be serious and statistical to begin with, in treating of an important national institution. The annual return of the Volunteer Corps of Great Britain for 1889 has been issued. Its general totals are as follows: authorised establishment, 259,583; efficient, 216,999, including 2071 who earned the lower grant of 10s. each only; non-efficient, 7022; total enrolled, 224,021. Here is a valuable military force prepared to aid in the defence of the country. Discussions in Parliament have recently found some fault with the measure of pecuniary aid granted by the War Office, though much increased of late years, in the shape of a "capitation grant," now standing at 35s. a head, on the number of "efficient" in each corps. It is contended that the addition of two shillings, granted within the last two years, has not been sufficient to pay for the overcoats, haversacks, water-bottles, and mess-tins which the Volunteers are now obliged to provide for themselves.

This question of detail may here be instanced, with reference not to the possible contingencies of an actual campaign, but to the formation of marching columns, such as those leaving London on Good Friday morning, in connection with the Easter Monday Volunteer Review, or any of the manœuvres on that day at Portsmouth, Brighton, Eastbourne, Shorncliffe, or Dover. Our Artist's Sketches, though of a gently humorous and playful character, illustrate the ordinary personal experiences of Volunteers in a marching column which is two or three days on the road from London to the south coast. This column is attended by waggons of the transport service, which was not usual in former years; and it is to be hoped that overcoats, haversacks, and necessary utensils for eating and drinking will be provided on a future occasion.



THE MARCHING COLUMN, WITH TRANSPORT WAGGONS.

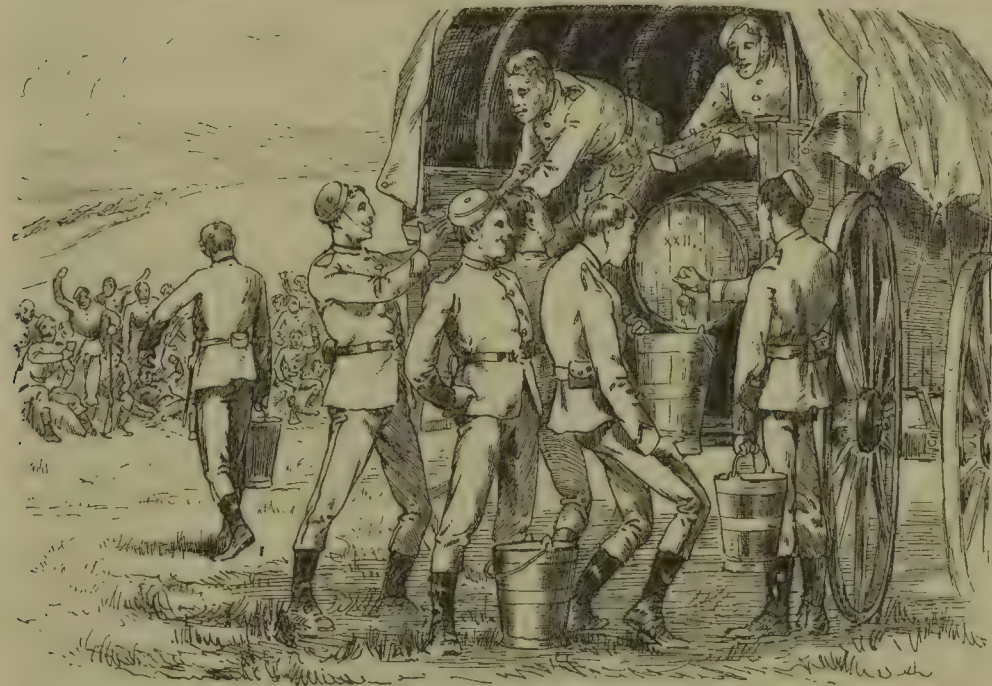


EXTRA INFANTRY DRILL.

We should rather like, some day or other, to see a marching column of Volunteers with their own shelter-tents, furnished at the cost of the War Office, encamped on the Surrey or Sussex Downs, or on the wide commons of Hampshire. That is what would have to be done, in all probability, if they were ever called out to assist in guarding the roads to the Metropolis against an expected invader. The needful appliances ought to be kept in store, and there should be some occasional instruction and practice in their use, taking up ground remote from towns and villages, well off the high-roads and the lines of railway, so that each brigade or column of troops should depend on its own



QUARTERED WITH THE RATS.



UTILITY OF OUR TRANSPORT SERVICE ON A HOT FIELD DAY.



OUR AMBULANCE SERVICE IS ALSO MOST EFFICIENT.

equipment, commissariat, and transport, for subsistence during several days.

Our Artist's Sketches, in which the transport of stores and supplies is sufficiently conspicuous, may not precisely accord with the recommendations of Lord Wolseley's "Soldier's Pocket Book"; yet some liberty in the matter of rations

and refreshments, at their own expense, is still permitted to Volunteers. Animals of the transport service include at least one mule, on which a gallant amateur Tommy Atkins rides to the temporary kitchen for an afternoon cup of tea. The night's lodgings may be in a barn, or in a stable-loft, with plenty of clean straw; "how sleep the brave? those men are blest, who with the brave can take their rest"—unless they be disturbed by wakeful rats. Such are the adventurous incidents of a campaigning life in the Easter week. The horrors of war do not yet appear; but there will be a few "casualties," a sprained ankle now and then, which the ambulance men have skill to deal with; one may catch cold in the first week of an English April. The return journey to London will be speedily performed by railway, when a horse will perhaps require to be re-shod for the London streets.



THE TRANSPORT MULE COMES TO TEA WITH US IN THE COOK HOUSE.



WE HAVE TO PUT ON A NEW SHOE AT THE CHARING-CROSS STATION.

A LOCHSIDE STRATH.

Hardly more than twenty miles from the populous heart of Glasgow lies a parish of which no notice is to be found in the guide-books. No show-place is supposed to be there, and no tourist route runs through it, and so, though almost within hearing of the hum of a great city, the strip of country between mountain and loch remains all but as primitive in its rustic simplicity as it was a hundred years ago. A century ago, indeed, the district may have been better known than it is to-day, if notoriety be regarded as a distinction; for every corrie in the hillsides and every burnside hollow where a little wooding afforded concealment appears then to have been the scene of illicit distilling operations, and the raids of the excise and military in search of "sma' stills" were both frequent and famous. With this exception the parish has been allowed to slumber on in happy obscurity since the days of the old clan feuds and the cattle-liftings of its neighbours, the wild Macgregors.

Nevertheless, unknown though it may be, and unfrequented by "the Sassenach" as in the days of Rob Roy himself, this quiet loch shore has a history stirring enough and memories of its own. Situated just on the old Highland line, the district must frequently at all periods have been the scene of warlike episodes. Regarding the tastes and pursuits of its ancient inhabitants there remains small doubt: Langside is only one of the spots at which have been chronicled the transactions of "the wild Macfarlane's plaided clan." The memorial of a peaceful enough enterprise, it is true, remains crystallised in the name of the parish—the parish of St. Ronan's Cell, as it reads translated. Midway, it is said, on his journey from Kilmarnock in Ayrshire to Kilmaronach on Loch Etive, that famous missionary priest of the early Church thought it worth his while to tarry a space in the district in order to teach the rude inhabitants peace. But, to judge by the later events of history, the task would seem to have had but doubtful results. The prevailing names, at the present hour, of the people in the district—Galbraith, Macfarlane, McKean—recall the circumstances of less orderly times. In the stalwart farmers' sons guiding the plough and feeding the cattle about the steadings there to-day, one sees the lineal descendants of clansmen who once held their own on the lochside by the primitive *coir a glaive*—the title of the strong arm. To keep these turbulent vassals in order the Earls of Lennox found it necessary to hold three castles in the neighbourhood. This loch shore it was which witnessed the failure of Argyle's ill-advised attempt at rebellion in 1685. Here, barring his progress, beyond the streamlet in the clachan of the parish, the Protestant Earl, after his long march among the western lochs, first came within sight of the Royal troops. Here, that night, his camp fires were left burning to deceive his opponents; and it was on the hills behind that the insurgent party finally lost their way, broke up, and dispersed amid the bogs and the darkness.

A romantic story of that most romantic of episodes, the Rebellion of 1745, also belongs to the district. The most powerful family in the strath at that time, as, indeed, it had been for generations, was one of the name Buchanan. This family owned two mansions and estates at no great distance from each other, and from the larger of these they took their familiar title, Buchanans of the Ross. Whether the head of the house of that date had personally taken part in the Jacobite rising, or had incurred suspicion of Jacobite sympathies,

need not be inquired into, but, upon the final overthrow of the Stuart cause in the spring of 1746, it can be understood that he, in common with others in his position, was willing enough to demonstrate his loyalty to the Government of King George. The opportunity for doing so which occurred to him, however, involved a breach of laws which above all others were held inviolably sacred by the Highlanders—the laws of hospitality. The tradition of the district has to be relied upon for the story. By this tradition it would appear that among the fugitives upon whose head a price was set, after Culloden, was the Marquis of Tullibardine, eldest son of the Duke of Athole. Being hard pressed by the search-parties which were every-

his "curse." Strangely enough, and whether in fulfilment of the fierce prophecy or not, only a few decades had passed when the race at the Ross, so far as the male line was concerned, actually died out, and, as if to complete the result, upon two occasions since then the estates have passed to other hands through female heirs.

In the early decades of the present century the master of the place was an Edinburgh advocate, a Mr. Hector Macdonald, and under his hospitable roof again and again was entertained no less a guest than the author of "Waverley." It is not difficult to understand, apart from the congenial society of his host, Scott's attraction to the house. The natural beauty of the place, if nothing else, must have been a continual delight to one so keenly alive as he was to the interest of woodland and loch. The district around, the house itself, and the mountains before him, besides, were teeming with memories—every glen the home of a romance. In Ross Priory, at any rate, he frequently stayed, and from the local legends and colour with which his residence supplied him he selected the materials for some of the most famous episodes in "Rob Roy" and "The Lady of the Lake." The use he made of it, indeed, has invested the whole district with a new interest. All the neighbourhood, strath and glen, glows with the reflected splendour of his thought, a "light that never was on sea or land"; and with the clear wind blowing fresh from mountain and loch something seems mingled of the wholesome mental health and vigour of his work. The place has changed but little since last he visited it, and the wanderer by the loch's margin may, with the atmosphere of the past still about him, indulge in all the pleasures of reverie and recollection undisturbed. At the present day hardly a sound is to be heard there but the lapse of wavelets on the pebbly beach, and the sighing of the wind through the branches of the immemorial oaks. Occasionally, on a summer evening, when the air is still, the far-off beat of paddles comes faintly across the lake, as the steamer threads its passage among the islands. But for the rest of the time the call sometimes of the peacocks on the lawn before a storm, and, at night, the harsh cry of wild-fowl making flight for the marshes at the river's mouth, form the only additions to the harmony of the wind and the waters. G. E. T.

The annual spring exhibition of flowers given by the Royal Botanic Society in their conservatory in Regent's Park was opened on March 26. The show was a very fine one, some of the greatest floriculturists in England being among the competitors. Messrs. Paul and Son showed some fine roses (among them a large single

white) and some double hepaticas. From the conservatories of Messrs. B. S. Williams came fine amaryllis, lilac, guelder roses, and tulips; but Messrs. Veitch's amaryllis excelled all others in size and beauty. The deutzias of Mrs. Whitbourn's gardener, Douglas, were remarkable for size and abundance of bloom. Messrs. Cannell and Sons, of Swanley, had a collection of cut geraniums and double cineraria of extraordinary size and brilliancy of colouring. Mr. J. James also sends some cineraria, single, enormous in size and petal, and remarkable for their brilliant and perfect colour. Altogether the exhibition was a very fine one.

The Royal Victoria Gardens, North Woolwich, have been thrown open to the public. The ground covers eleven and a half acres, and has been purchased for £19,000, by subscription, aided by a grant from the Charity Commissioners and other contributions from public funds.



"SPRINGTIME."—AFTER M. BERNARD.

where scouring the country, this nobleman, it is said, betook himself to Buchanan of the Ross, with whom he had been upon terms of friendship, and besought temporary asylum. This favour Buchanan granted readily enough, and apparently in all good faith; but no sooner was the unfortunate refugee secure under his roof than he intimated the fact to the nearest military post. The natural consequence was an immediate visit of the soldiery and the arrest of the fugitive. Here the story becomes uncanny. The victim of misplaced confidence was being dragged off, it is said, when, recovering from surprise at the unheard-of treachery, his Highland rage and indignation reached the blazing point, and, turning upon his host, he hurled out the imprecation, "There'll be Murrys on the braces of Athole when there's ne'er a Buchanan at the Ross!" This was the last of the Marquis, so far as the district was concerned, but it was by no means, in the eyes of the dwellers there, the last of



EASTER MANŒUVRES: "EYES RIGHT!"

SCIENCE JOTTINGS. OUR MONTHLY LOOK ROUND.

The skeleton of a mammoth, I observe, has been discovered in Tula, in Russia, and from Moscow a scientific expedition has gone forth to examine the remains of this extinct elephant. The famous mammoth's skeleton in the St. Petersburg Museum belonged to a specimen which was found, literally packed in ice, and thereby preserved, at the mouth of the river Lena, in Siberia. So perfectly were the tissues of this latter preserved, indeed, that sections of the eyes could be made. The body was seen to be covered with a coarse reddish fur, and a mane was borne on the neck. This elephant was undoubtedly fitted for a life in northern spheres, where our existing African and Indian forms would certainly feel themselves very far from home. One never hears of a mammoth being discovered, without being reminded that this animal, together with the woolly rhinoceros, disproved the idea that because elephants and rhinoceroses are found as fossils in cold regions, we should assume that these regions once upon a time possessed a tropical climate. Their thick fur proves that they were fitted for life under a rigorous sky, and that the distribution of past life is therefore liable to present many variations from its existing phases. Our mammoth is also interesting from the fact that not only did it roam over what is now British land at home, but it was also closely associated with primitive man. The man of the "palæolithic," or old stone, age was undoubtedly a contemporary of the extinct elephant; and he even went the length of sketching its outlines on its huge tusks, and thus left behind him an artistic record of the huge beast. Now, alas! we have only left to us the big-eared African and the small-eared Indian elephant as the survivors of the once-numerous race of the great pachyderms.

There has been a good deal of talk of late days about the occurrence of the disease known as *tuberculosis* in the cow. This ailment is the general disease, whereof consumption is a local manifestation in the lungs. It is a safe thing to say that, despite the so-called assurance that tuberculous meat and tuberculous milk are not likely to inflict that disease on the human organism—at least, there is no direct proof as yet to hand that such a thing can take place—nevertheless, no one would care to eat meat or to drink milk which is tainted with this ailment. There may be, and very likely is, a risk involved; and it is wiser far to avoid the risk, and to insist, if the lawyers will be guided by sanitary advice, that all tuberculous animals shall be destroyed. The above remarks were suggested by the announcement that the hare has now been ascertained to be a victim to the tuberculosis disease. It seems that the hare suffers much from a parasitic worm (*Strongylus*) that affects its lungs; and now M. Mégnin has announced that tubercle is also to be found as a disease in the animal. This shows the far-reaching nature of the ailment; but there is at least one interesting point about this disease that deserves mention—namely, the fact that it is the vegetable-feeding animals which it selects for attack. The flesh-feeders seem to escape its ravages entirely. This is a nut for my vegetarian friends to crack. If, as they do assert, cancer is likely to be a disease favoured by a flesh dietary, they will have to balance the account by putting down tuberculosis to the credit of the vegetable-feeders.

Mr. Galton is a most indefatigable worker, as everyone knows, in the domain of anthropometry—a learned name for the science of human measurements. From his researches a vast number of interesting facts have accrued, and I notice that at Cambridge Mr. Galton's ideas, in the shape of studies by Dr. John Venn, have been most energetically pursued to a practical result. Dr. Venn has lately been investigating the relations existing between intellectual and physical capabilities—a new way of expressing the connections between mind and body. The Cambridge students were divided into three grades which correspond with highly intellectual, fairly intellectual, and ordinarily intellectual persons. These three classes are designated respectively as the A's, B's, and C's. The tests were intended to indicate the eyesight, muscular strength of the arms, squeezing power of the hands, size of the head, breathing capacity, height, and weight. Nine tenths of the subjects were between the ages of nineteen and twenty-four. In the result, Dr. Venn tells us that there is no difference whatever (with a single exception) between the physical characteristics as above set forth of the different grades—A, B, and C. The one exception is "the power of pull," and it is added that this particular kind of physical superiority is, to some extent, hostile to intellectual superiority.

Referring to this curious fact, Dr. Venn says that the question why the pulling power is so marked in the one class as against the other is not an easy one to answer; but he hazards the explanation that "pulling" is an exercise much practised in popular games (e.g. rowing), while "squeezing" is not a movement much indulged in by athletes. Hence, while the reading men, taking exercise sufficient to keep up a fair standard of general health, will equal the non-readers or athletes in squeezing power and other muscular work, the latter, paying more attention to physical exercises, will naturally excel in pulling power, for the reason just given. Another conclusion is given by Dr. Venn, when he adds that, with the single exception of eyesight, and this to a very slight extent, it does not seem that intellectual eminence is correlated with natural physical superiority or inferiority, or that it tends to produce any general superiority or inferiority. This fact is a blow to the generally received notion that the intellectual man and student is physically a "milkop." The physical powers of man, it is further added, usually reach their maximum at the age of twenty-two or twenty-three. After that, they begin steadily to decline, as a general rule. But Mr. Galton himself contributes certain curious and interesting conclusions regarding head-growth as tested on the Cambridge students. Thus, first of all, he says that, while in the bulk of persons the brain ceases to grow after the age of nineteen, or earlier, this is by no means the case with University students. Does continuance of culture, then, as might be expected, influence the brain-growth? Then comes the conclusion that "high honour" men, on the average, possess larger brains than others at the age of nineteen. Again, on the average, they are said to have larger brains, but not to the same extent at the age of twenty-five; hence it is stated that "high honour" men, as a class, are "both more precocious and more gifted throughout than others." These researches are thus both important and interesting. For one thing, they certainly teach us that mind-superiority is not without its corresponding signs and marks in the physical estate.

The air-bladder of fishes is an organ which serves to alter the specific gravity of the animal, and thus enables it to rise or to sink in the water. Professor Liebreich, of Berlin, has lately been experimenting upon the exact fashion in which the air-bladder discharges its functions. He finds that a fish is much in the same position as the Cartesian diver, with which

he made a series of trials. In the water the animal is in a position of unstable equilibrium, and it keeps its stability only by a perpetual readjustment of the air-bladder. Slight contractions of the bladder keep the fish at rest, so that it may be permissible to compare the animal in this respect to the rope-dancer who balances himself by aid of his pole. In rising or sinking, of course, greater contractions of the air-bladder ensue; but, at rest, we are to suppose that the fish is perpetually and automatically maintaining its balance in the water through the slight movements of the air-sac.

ANDREW WILSON.

NOVELS.

Sir Charles Danvers. By the Author of "The Danvers Jewels." Two vols. (R. Bentley and Son.)—The lady novel-reader is suspected of a disposition to entertain an imaginative interest, from her consciousness of the responsibilities of her sex, in the situation of a right-minded heroine who has to choose between two claimants of her hand. Miss Ruth Deyncourt, heiress to a fortune of £30,000, and, like many other heroines, an orphan living with her uncle, who is a country clergyman, finds herself in this position. In the rural parish of Slumberleigh, which is "truly rural" and generally dull, a Mr. Alfred Dare, of half-French parentage, after a wandering and obscure early life in foreign lands, turns up as the legal heir to the neglected and impoverished estate of Vandon. In the adjacent parish, where she constantly visits her relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Danvers, she presently meets the fascinating hero of this story, Sir Charles Danvers, Bart., a gentleman of nearly forty years, pleasant, witty, apt to talk frivolously, but capable of earnest purpose, and master of the fine Stoke Moreton property at no great distance. Mr. Dare is enthusiastic, shallow, demonstrative, eager to marry a good Englishwoman who will help him to perform the duties of Squire; he has no money for improvements or cottage-building; and Ruth, liking him and trusting him, but knowing too little about him, speedily becomes engaged to him, less from strong personal attachment than from a conscientious wish to bestow her talents and means in a way beneficial to others. A few weeks later, some incidents revealing the hollowness and selfishness of Dare's unreliable character, while Sir Charles, whom she had deemed a mere careless man of the world and an inveterate flirt, proves to be manly, generous, and sincere, Ruth discovers her mistake. The question is, What will she do now?

Apart from this serious issue, which appears indeed rather overstrained by Ruth's almost fanatical scruple to break off her unwise engagement—for we hold that a woman ought not to be bound, till the wedding-day, by any such unwary promise to a man whom she afterwards finds she cannot love—the story is bright and lively, with many amusing passages. Some domestic scenes, with the complacent silliness of Mrs. Allwyn at the Rectory, and the passive humility of her good husband, with the rustic habits of Ralph Danvers at Atherstone, the gentle primness of Mrs. Danvers, and Lady Mary Cunningham's rigid severity according to Evangelical Church precepts, are bits of humorous comedy that may be freely relished. Especially good is the style of mock-affectation and fantastic exaggeration in which Sir Charles, purely for the sake of fun, discourses before the ladies, and his audaciously clever perversions of Scripture texts, as is the manner of some such men, to shock and perplex Aunt Mary; but he is more amiable in his frolics with little Molly, a delightful child of five. One takes greater pleasure in these exhibitions of character than in the machinery of the plot, which is latterly much complicated with remote external transactions. In order to enhance the claims of Sir Charles, if Ruth were aware of the fact, to her esteem and gratitude, he is made the secret protector of her absent brother Raymond, a disgraced and disinherited profligate, who is being pursued by the police on a charge of forgery, till he dies under a false name in prison. And in order that Ruth may consider herself duly released from her promise to marry Alfred Dare, when she confesses her love for Sir Charles, there must be an American woman suddenly arriving at Vandon Hall, who calls herself Dare's legal wife. Neither of these incidents was requisite to justify a change in the sentiments and attitude of the over-sensitive heroine, and neither is well in harmony with the general tone of the story. As for the subsequent doubts whether or not Dare had got a divorce, and whether or not his American marriage was ever valid, it would be a shame to think Ruth Deyncourt could be influenced by these secondary considerations. She does quite right in marrying Sir Charles Danvers.

Duchess Frances. By Sarah Tytler. Two vols. (Sampson Low and Co.)—The combination of authentic historical or biographical memoirs with fictitious incidents does not usually prove successful in satisfying the critical taste of modern readers. It needs the genius of Sir Walter Scott to give lifelike movement, though at the expense of many bold anachronisms and departures from recorded fact, to conspicuous figures in the ages of the Plantagenets, the Tudors, and the Stuarts. Neither the late Lord Lytton, with all his talent for romance-writing, nor Thackeray, with his masterly delineation of the really interesting characters in "Esmond," could faithfully reproduce the actual personages of notable English history as we have learned to know them from minute investigation of original documents, throwing a stronger light on their motives and behaviour. Miss Tytler, by not attempting too much in this way, and by keeping the agents of famous public affairs in the reigns of Charles II. and James II. well in the background, while conforming to historical accuracy with regard to those transactions, has constructed a tolerably good picture of Court and City life. Abundant materials for a description of the manners of the time are supplied by the "Memoirs of the Count de Grammont," the Diaries of Pepys and Evelyn, the Letters of Dorothy Osborne, and many other books commonly read. Neither of the two last Stuart Kings, personally, has any direct and active part in the story; but the two successive wives of James—namely, Anne Hyde, Duchess of York, and Queen Mary of Modena—are constantly spoken of in their absence, having great influence over the fortunes of the leading female character.

This character is that of a real person—Frances Jennings, elder sister of the more celebrated Sarah Jennings, Duchess of Marlborough in Queen Anne's reign. Frances, a maid of honour in the service of the Duchess of York, married Sir George Hamilton, a brother of Anthony Hamilton, the author of the "Grammont Memoirs"; but after the death of her first husband, who was killed gallantly fighting in the army of Louis XIV., she wedded the notorious Dick Talbot, whom James II. made Earl of Tyrconnell and Lord Deputy of Ireland. His portrait in Macaulay's History cannot be forgotten, as that of a swaggering, profligate ruffian by whose agency, when the Revolution of 1688 was accomplished in England, the partisans of James were enabled to gather considerable Irish forces, assisted by the French, and to carry on the civil war that involved the siege of Derry, the battles of the Boyne and of Aughrim, and the final capture of Limerick. Part of these campaigns belongs to the later chapters of the present story,

and its title is warranted by the fact that King James, while he could still exercise Royal authority in Ireland, created Tyrconnell a Duke; and, after this man's death at Limerick, his widow retained the rank of Duchess in exile at the Court of St. Germain.

From all that is known of this Frances Lady Hamilton, subsequently Lady Tyrconnell and Duchess, her real character was not unlike that of which Miss Tytler has designed a vivid and striking imaginative portraiture: a bold, indelicate, unscrupulous adventuress, not so violent and furious as her sister the Duchess of Marlborough, vain and giddy in her youth, and indulging with other Court ladies in the wildest and most unseemly freaks, but sacrificing more solid prospects of advancement to her affection for Hamilton. A different kind of interest is awakened by sweet Cherry Norton's position in the household of her fashionable kinswoman, the victim of an intrigue and forced marriage repudiated by Peter Thornhurst. Cherry's earlier girlhood with the family of her Uncle Hill, in Speedwell-lane, City, is so related as to illustrate the habits of an old-fashioned tradesman of the Puritan sect: the Plague and the Great Fire of London are incidentally described. The modest, unassuming, patient virtue of this young woman contrasts agreeably with the disposition of her brilliant patroness; and one is pleased when Squire Thornhurst, after twenty years, decides to take her home as his wife.

Among Aliens. By Frances Eleanor Trollope. Two vols. (Spencer Blackett.)—The situation of two young Englishwomen, the elder sister, Catherine Wilson, studying as an artist, the other, Lucy, only eighteen, giving daily English lessons in the family of Prince Bastiani-Corleoni, living together in Rome, and having scarcely any friends among their own countrymen, might possibly become embarrassing from social intrigues among their aristocratic and clerical Roman acquaintance. Catherine, who tells the story, watching anxiously over her innocent and beautiful little sister, has to guard against the double danger of religious proselytism, craftily attempted by Monsignor Chiappaforti with an eye to the girl's small portion of £2000, and of the seductive addresses of Don Vittorio Corleoni, a heartless and wicked son of the patrician house. Her only ally is the honest old painter and art-teacher Sandro Santi, a sturdy Republican and Italian patriot of 1848, who does his best to support and direct Miss Wilson's defensive action.

The scene of action is presently removed from the city to Tivoli, where this lady artist has to make sketches, and takes Lucy, who is in delicate health, for a summer holiday. A model whom she has engaged, a wild peasant girl of the Campagna, relates a sad affair—that of a recent victim of Don Vittorio's profligacy, seduced, abandoned, driven to suicide in the Tiber. The brother of the girl whom Catherine Wilson knows, having been the fallen girl's betrothed, has been obliged to fly the country for shooting at Don Vittorio, but, returning to the mountains near Tivoli, has joined a band of outlaws. Don Vittorio himself is missing from the Palazzo Corleoni, and his mother, the haughty Principessa, enraged by his loss of a rich matrimonial alliance, suspecting him to have gone off with Lucy Wilson, first writes an insulting letter, then pursues the sisters to Tivoli, but is encountered by Miss Wilson and Signor Santi with proper spirit. An honourable English gentleman, Mr. Rutherford, a friend of Santi's, happens to be at Tivoli, and they make parties together for more than one pleasant excursion. The intimacy quickly results in his being accepted by Catherine as her future husband. Not so happy is poor Lucy's fate: broken-hearted at the discovery of Don Vittorio's villany, she droops and dies, having joined the Roman Catholic Church. But vengeance overtakes Don Vittorio, killed by the lover of the peasant girl whom he had betrayed to disgrace and death. This story is effectively presented, and with that graceful womanly air of arch simplicity which lends a charm to "The Sacristan's Household" and other tales by the same writer.

The World and the Cloister. By Oswald John Simon. Two vols. (Chapman and Hall.)—In this story, dedicated to the author's father, Sir John Simon, Serjeant-at-law and late M.P. for Dewsbury, those who put their trust in a Rationalist development of pure Theism, and who still venerate the religious traditions of Judaism for their ethical and spiritual purport, will be interested by a candid exhibition of the union of congenial minds on that basis of moral sympathy. Curiously enough, both the hero and heroine, Mr. Roderick Huguenot, M.P., and Miss Irene Cassandria, inherit the devout spirit and the keen intellect of high-minded Jewish parents; and both happen to have been educated, though under very different circumstances, and entirely unknown to each other, in the guardianship of a zealous Roman Catholic lady, the Duchess of Boughton, from which they emancipate themselves by a conscientious effort of mental independence.

The Duchess is not an estimable character: sincere only in her bigotry, and ambitious of social distinction as a powerful patroness of her community in England, she has spent money, intrigued for influence, and sacrificed more than one of her daughters, for aims of ecclesiastical aggrandisement in the guise of piety and charity. One act of her busy life, perpetrated above twenty years ago, was to get hold of a newborn female infant, the child of a Jew named Cassandria, who died suddenly at the East-End of London, when the babe's mother was delirious with fever and likely either not to survive or to become insane; the Duchess has had this child brought up in a convent in Wiltshire. This affair comes, long afterwards, to the knowledge of Mr. Huguenot, who is intimate with the family of her Grace, having in his youth been the ward of the late Duke, but has at the request of his father, an eminent lawyer and a freethinker, while passing through his studies at Winchester and Oxford, not formally joined either the English or the Romish Church. Mr. Huguenot, who enjoys pecuniary independence, and is clever and well read, has started in public life with the determination to eschew sectarianism in religion and not to be a party politician. He now sets himself the task of finding out whether this girl's mother be dead or living; with a view to repairing, if possible, the wrong done to natural family affections soon after the child's birth. Mrs. Cassandria is discovered living in a retired country boarding-house, and unaware of her daughter's existence. The daughter, Irene, is found an inmate of the convent, a novice who has not yet taken the vows, and who scruples to do so, her views being far from orthodox. By the aid of Lady Capletown, a wise and benevolent friend of Mr. Huguenot's, the Jewish mother and the daughter are brought together, and Irene is enabled to quit the convent.

She applies herself, as a free inquirer, to theological and philosophical contemplations. Roderick Huguenot has already done so, arriving at the most liberal conclusions. It is sufficient, without formally defining their opinions, to say that they pretty well agree with "Robert Elsmere." Apart from creeds, Irene and Roderick make a noble-minded pair, and are, of course, happily married. The general tone of this story is wholesome, kindly, and gentle, but it is written in a loose and feeble style. Except the character of the Duchess of Boughton, there is no hostile portraiture of Roman Catholics and their ways, or of those of any other Church.



FORT WHITE, HEADQUARTERS OF THE NORTHERN COLUMN OF THE CHIN EXPEDITION.



BURNING OF THE VILLAGE OF DIMPI, IN THE KANHOW COUNTRY, AFTER ITS CAPTURE.

THE CHIN EXPEDITION: SKETCHES BY LIEUTENANT W. HUSSEY WALSH, 1ST BATTALION CHESHIRE REGIMENT.

THE LUSHAI AND CHIN EXPEDITIONS.

Since the junction was effected, near Haka, between Brigadier Tregear's force of native Indian troops from Bengal, going up into the highlands above Chittagong to subdue the hostile Lushai tribes, and the main force, under General Symons, operating against the Tashons and other Chin-Baungshes, from Fort White and Kalymyo, on the western frontier of Upper Burmah, a portion of the Lushai force has begun to withdraw towards Chittagong, its task having been accomplished with little actual fighting. It may be convenient now to explain the organisation of this twofold military expedition, which has advanced from opposite directions into a wild and mountainous country, extending about two hundred and sixty miles, from Manipoor, adjacent to Assam, in the north, to Arracan, in the south, and eastward to the Chindwin River, one of the chief tributaries of the Irrawaddy in Burmah.

The Chittagong Column, consisting entirely of native troops, has been under the command of Colonel Tregear, with Captain Gwatkin as his staff officer. The troops under his command were 2nd Battalion 2nd Goorkhas, 2nd Battalion 4th Goorkhas (left wing), the 3rd Bengal Infantry, a Company of Bengal Sappers and Miners, and the 28th Bombay Pioneers. The Burmah Force was divided into two columns. The Southern, with Pokoko, on the Irrawaddy, as its base, under General Symons himself, with whom is Major Ind, R.A., as staff officer, consists of four hundred of the King's Own Scottish Borderers, under Colonel Carleton; four hundred Second Battalion 7th Goorkhas, under Colonel King-Harman; two guns No. 1 Bengal Mountain Battery, under Lieutenant Paisely, R.A.; 6th Company Madras Sappers and Miners, under Captain Swaine, R.E.; and the 2nd Madras Infantry, under Major Maltby; with some two thousand transport animals and about

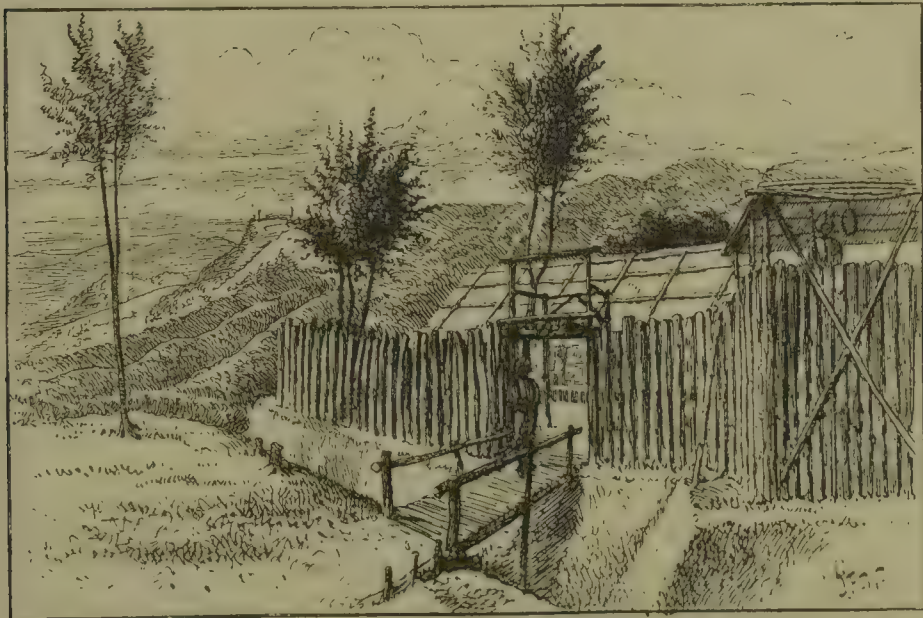
the same number of coolies and dhoolie-bearers. The Northern Column—with Kalewa, on the Chindwin, and Kalymyo, on the Mitha, as its river bases—has its headquarters at Fort White. This force is under Colonel Skene, D.S.O., and is composed of the 10th and 38th Bengal Infantry, which hold the valley and the stockades on the road to Fort White; one company of Burmah Sappers and Miners under Captain Hill, R.E.; a company of Madras Sappers and Miners, under Lieutenant Chapman, R.E.; a detachment of the Cheshire Regiment, under Major Edge; and the 42nd Goorkha Light Infantry, under Colonel Skene.

Our military correspondents, both with the troops at Demagiri and Fort Langleh, advancing through the Lushai highlands and forests to Haka, and with those at Pokoko, at Kalymyo, and at Fort White, on the Burmese side, have furnished Sketches of the country, and of the difficulties of transport, with other incidents of the campaign. Lieutenant Leslie W. Shakespear, of the 2nd Battalion Prince of Wales's Own Goorkhas, contributes the views of Fort Langleh and its neighbourhood which are now presented to our readers. One shows the main entrance to that fort, with the quarter guard; on the top of a hill ending the range, four or five miles distant, is seen the village of Lalrooma, a friendly Kowlong chief; beyond rise the hills of the Cachar border. The officers' quarters occupied by Brigadier Tregear, in the interior of the fort, or rather the mess-room hut of the headquarters staff, with bed-rooms on each side, are shown in another illustration; the walls of this building are constructed of plaited split bamboo, and the roof of canes and leaves, covered with tarpaulin; the floor is raised on stout logs driven well into the earth; to the left are the kitchen and servants' lodgings. Fort Langleh was completed in April last year, and was garrisoned, during the rainy season, by three British

officers with 250 frontier police. Its site is 3500 ft. above the level of the sea, quite out of the reach of malaria from the low country, and the climate is invigorating, but the nights are cold.

Looking eastward from Fort Langleh, the view presented in one of these Sketches first encounters the hill-peak of Malliam Pui, on which a stockade or blockhouse is being erected, similar to that seen on a knoll just outside the fort. The highest hill beyond in this view is the Sangal Klang; to the extreme right are the spurs of the Teriat hills. The newly made road to Haka, cut through dense jungle and forest, and crossing those hill ranges, has been a laborious work, in which some assistance was procured from certain Shendu chiefs. A corner on this road, about one mile from the fort, with a Goorkha and transport mule, is the subject of the last of these Sketches; it includes Langleh Peak, 3700 ft. high, on the summit of which stands a heliograph-signalling party, communicating with Colonel Skinner's column, which has gone north towards Cachar.

We are indebted also to Lieutenant W. Hussey Walsh, of the 1st Battalion of the Cheshire Regiment, with the Northern Column of the Chin Expedition, under command of Colonel Skene, for two Sketches; one of which shows the situation and interior arrangement of Fort White, surrounded by mountains 9000 ft. high, with the huts for the troops and the Commissariat stores, and with signalling posts on the hills; the other is that of the burning of a captured village of the enemy, named Dimpi, in the Kanhow country, on Nov. 27, by a detachment commanded by Major Edge, consisting of sixty men of the Cheshire Regiment and sixty of the 42nd Goorkha Light Infantry. Dimpi is of some importance for the salt-mines in its neighbourhood. Much grain in store, belonging to the Chins, was destroyed.



MAIN ENTRANCE OF FORT LANGLEH, WITH QUARTER GUARD.



HEADQUARTERS MESS-HOUSE IN FORT LANGLEH.



VIEW EASTWARD FROM FORT LANGLEH.



A CORNER ON THE HAKA ROAD, NEAR FORT LANGLEH.

THE LUSHAI EXPEDITION: SKETCHES BY LIEUTENANT LESLIE W. SHAKESPEAR, PRINCE OF WALES'S OWN GOORKHAS.

SKETCHES IN FORMOSA.

We have published some of Mr. E. H. Grimani's sketches and notes of his sojourn at Takow, on the south-west shore of the island of Formosa, and of his excursion, with two friends, to Bankimsing, a native village almost beyond the pale of Chinese civilisation, on the verge of the central highlands, where tribes of savage mountaineers have recently asserted their independence by sanguinary inroads on the peaceable dwellers in the plains below. The incidents of our correspondent's short journey, which did not extend beyond a visit of one night to the old Roman Catholic missionary's house at Bankimsing, as it was considered dangerous to go farther up the mountain country, have been sufficiently narrated. In order to join his travelling companions, who met him on the road from another place, he had to cross a wide lagoon in a rather unsafe boat or canoe, with two Chinese boatmen or boys, who encountered a violent gale of wind, raising formidable billows, as if in the open sea, and to them at least, in this adventure, there was some alarm, if not actual danger.

The long ride on horseback, after crossing the plains, where they were hospitably welcomed in Chinese villages, and passed merrily among the Pepuhans, or civilised native peasantry, was attended with some difficulties when they began to ascend the highlands: the forest paths were exceedingly rough; there were steep descents from the hills to the banks of rivers; deep quicksands, in which the horses floundered with desperate struggles; herds of half-wild buffaloes, which pursued and annoyed the strangers; and glimpses of possible human foes, every savage tribe being on the alert to see what these foreigners meant by approaching their country without invitation or permission. We are glad to know that no great harm came of it; and Mr. Grimani, with his pencil and sketchbook, though his own intentions were benevolent, seems to have frightened the wild folk more than they could frighten him. A whole tribe, led by their chief, not being armed with their spears or other primitive weapons, fairly ran away into the forest at sight of the three European horsemen followed by a troop of baggage coolies.

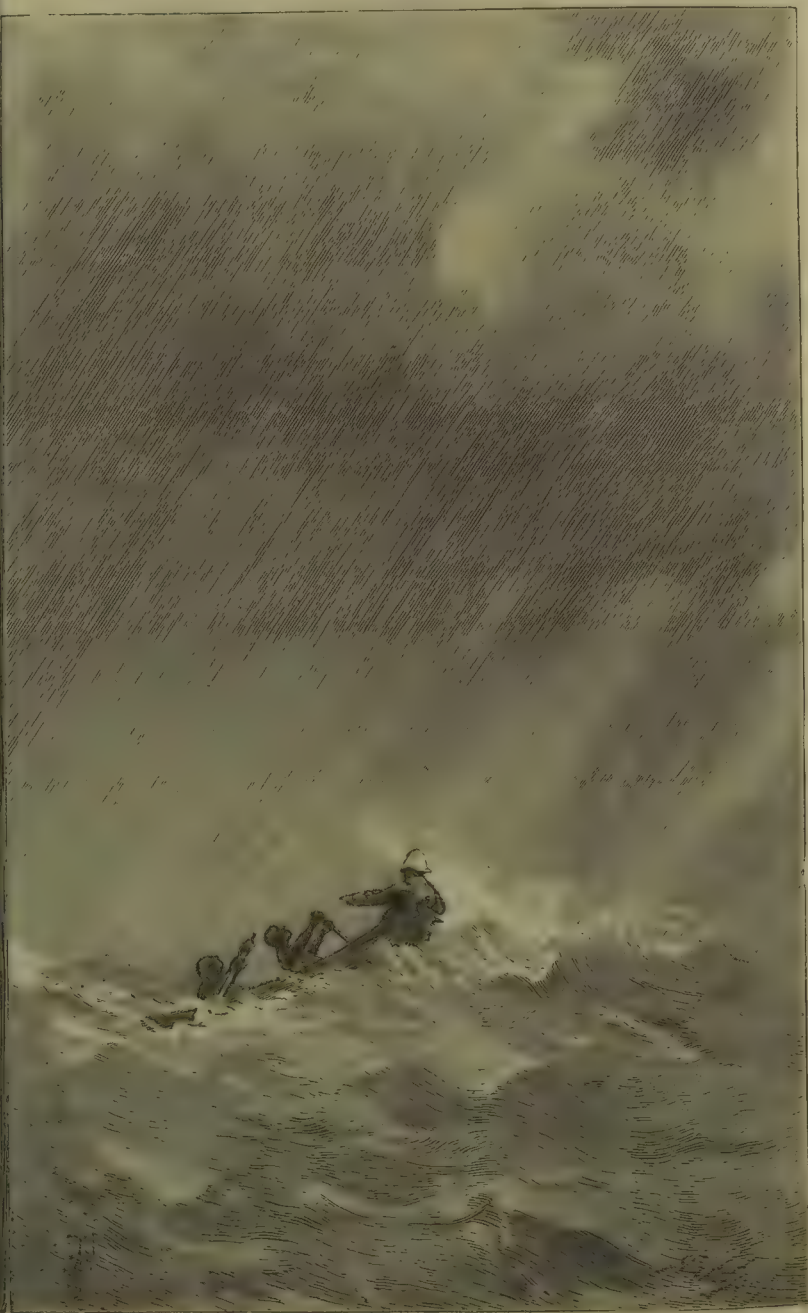
When, after their arrival at Bankimsing, the travellers were reposing quietly in the house of the good old Spanish priest, who has resided there many years, a few of the more courageous savages ventured to enter, and to satisfy their curiosity by examining the dress and persons of the wonderful strangers. What these savages could not stand was any attempt to take their portraits by drawing or photography, which they considered a most baneful kind of magic. Mr. Grimani also tells us an amusing story of one of these wild people having come down to Takow, and, entering his house quite alone, with no hostile or mischievous disposition, making himself rather troublesome, meddling with every article of furniture, until he unwarily laid hands on an electrical machine. He got a painful shock, burst into a fit of rage and terror, seized and smashed the apparatus, and ran off howling to the forest whence he came. Such are the aboriginal Malay population of Formosa, inhabiting the greater part of that large island—the mountain region and the eastern districts. The Chinese sovereignty over them is only nominal, and is at this moment disputed by a fierce rebellion. The cultivated plains along the west coast, however, are occupied by Chinese planters, who raise sugar and other valuable crops; but much damage has been done by the recent savage attacks. The whole population of this island, which is about the size of Sardinia and Corsica put together, has been estimated at a million and a half. Its interior is almost unexplored by European travellers.



FLIGHT OF SAVAGE CHIEF AND HIS TRIBE.



WELCOME BY AN OLD CHINESE FRIEND.



CROSSING THE LAGOON IN A GALE.

NEW BOOKS.

Twist Old Times and New. By Baron de Malortie. (Ward and Downey.)—The author of these amusing reminiscences of European notabilities, a Hanoverian of good birth, and by adoption, we believe, now a British subject, has long resided at Cairo; and we had occasion, a few years ago, to notice a book in which he portrayed, with much discrimination, the characters of the late and present Khedive of Egypt, and of several influential Pashas, besides giving an instructive account of the financial and administrative difficulties of that country. Baron de Malortie is of an age to have witnessed, in France and in Germany, different phases and vicissitudes of political and social life between the Revolutions of 1818 and the downfall of the Napoleonic Empire in 1870—a period which, to say the least, was one of relaxed public principles, of equivocal professions, of uncertain aims and purposes, of international dissipation, and signally of Parisian corruption, attending the general transition from "Old Times" to "New." It would be exaggerating the individual authority of Louis Napoleon, who was not really the master but the creature of his age, to hold his example and influence chiefly responsible for the condition of Europe during his reign. History is already furnished with authentic materials for a wider and more correct view of the manifold sources of feeble counsels, half-hearted inclinations, faithless and inconsistent behaviour, as well at the German and Austrian Courts as among French and other foreign politicians; while the fashions and habits of private society, affected by a rapid increase of luxury and extravagance, notoriously checked the growth of a higher patriotic and civic life.

Baron de Malortie, however, on this occasion does not address us as a grave moralist or as a critical statesman, but relates personal anecdotes, describes many persons, scenes, and incidents that came under his observation, and supplies various topics of historical or biographical entertainment, in no cynical or sarcastic spirit, but in that of an amiable man of the world, evidently conscious of a sentiment above the low standard of public honour and duty which then prevailed. We cannot think the worse of him for his hereditary Hanoverian loyalty, or for his volunteer service, under Count Thun, on the staff of that chivalrous Austrian Prince the unfortunate Emperor Ferdinand of Mexico, the story of whose brave adventure, duped and tricked and betrayed to death as he was, occupies a large part of this volume. The author's comments on that mistaken enterprise and deplorable disaster are just and sensible; but there is no doubt of the purity of motives and intentions in the minds of the Archduke Ferdinand and his immediate companions, whatever may be thought of General Bazaine and other French agents in the transaction. Little or nothing is here added to our knowledge of the character and conduct of Napoleon III. by a writer who was never one of his worshippers, and is not now one of his revilers; but he tells one or two little stories, not at all scandalous but naturally disparaging, of Prince Jerome Napoleon and his father, the sly and sordid brother whom Napoleon I. once made a poor puppet of a titular King, and who afterwards bargained with his usurping nephew for a considerable money bribe.

The degraded spirit of the House of Buonaparte was indeed too notorious for the revived Empire, with all its glitter of phrases and pageants, to invest it with any real dignity even in the eyes of a vain and frivolous people. Yet the delusive promise of a military triumph, so late as July 1870, intoxicated the generality of French minds; and one of the most striking chapters of the book is an account of the dispute between M. Thiers, the opponent of the fatal war against Germany, and the Duc de Grammont, the Emperor's Minister of Foreign Affairs, in the salon of Madame de Liadières, on the day when that war was announced. Baron de Malortie, though a great cosmopolitan—he has even fraternised with a chief of North American Indian tribes, and nearly married a Mexican bride—still appears quite at home

in his youthful recollections of old-fashioned German life. His description of a visit to the ancestral Castle of Schreckenburg, in 1854, and his report of the conversation of two Junkers at a Frankfurt table d'hôte, pleasantly exhibit the humorous side of antiquated manners and customs in the Fatherland.

Ballads and Poems from the Pacific. By Francis Sinclair, "F.S.C.," "Aopouri," "Philip Garth." Second edition. (Sampson Low and Co.)—Poetry, as well as romantic history and colonial statistics in prose, has a wide field of literary work in the Pacific and in Australasia. The volume by Mr. Francis Sinclair, who then chose the name of "Philip Garth" to disguise his personal authorship, was cordially but not unduly praised in this and other journals when it first appeared. He began writing verse at Lyttelton, in Canterbury, New Zealand, and his colonial muse took bolder flights at Auckland; but it ranges far and freely over the British

and of the isles of the Pacific Ocean, was a congenial task. His literary tact and skill have been applied with perfect success to the production of this little volume, which will, from the greater popularity of its subject, probably gain more readers than the excellent "Life of Dampier," an old English navigator and visitor of Australia on the western coast, written by the unequalled author of sea-stories, Mr. Clark Russell. Within the prescribed limit of less than two hundred pages, the narrative must be very concise, but it is, to the best of our recollection of the original journals, sufficiently precise and exact, and is more readable than former compilations.

James Cook, born in 1728, was the runaway apprentice of a village grocer and draper in East Yorkshire, who from a common sailor became an officer of the Royal Navy, and in 1768 was appointed to command the Endeavour on a scientific surveying expedition to the Pacific. In this voyage of three years he surveyed New Zealand and New South Wales, and in two later voyages, with the ships *Resolution*, *Adventure*, and *Discovery*, explored the most important groups of islands all over that vast ocean, till, on Feb. 14, 1779, on the beach of Hawaii (Owyhee), he was slain by the hands of savages, was a genuine English hero; a brave, modest, steadfast, diligent man, with none of the boastful vanity of certain ancient Spanish and Portuguese navigators. His life and character, apart from the geographical importance and adventurous interest of his performances, deserve to be kept in remembrance among his countrymen.

New Zealand after Fifty Years. By Edward Wakefield. (Cassell and Co.)—The author of these serviceable and agreeable chapters, filling but 224 pages in all, on the natural and social features of an inviting British Colony, is well known in New Zealand as an active politician and able journalist. He is nephew, we believe, of Mr. Edward Gibbon Wakefield, founder of the New Zealand Company fifty years ago. We can heartily recommend his interesting statements, and the cheerful prospects of growing colonial prosperity which seem fully justified by the facts, to public attention in England. There are nearly thirty illustrations, portraits, and views of places, which have much artistic merit.

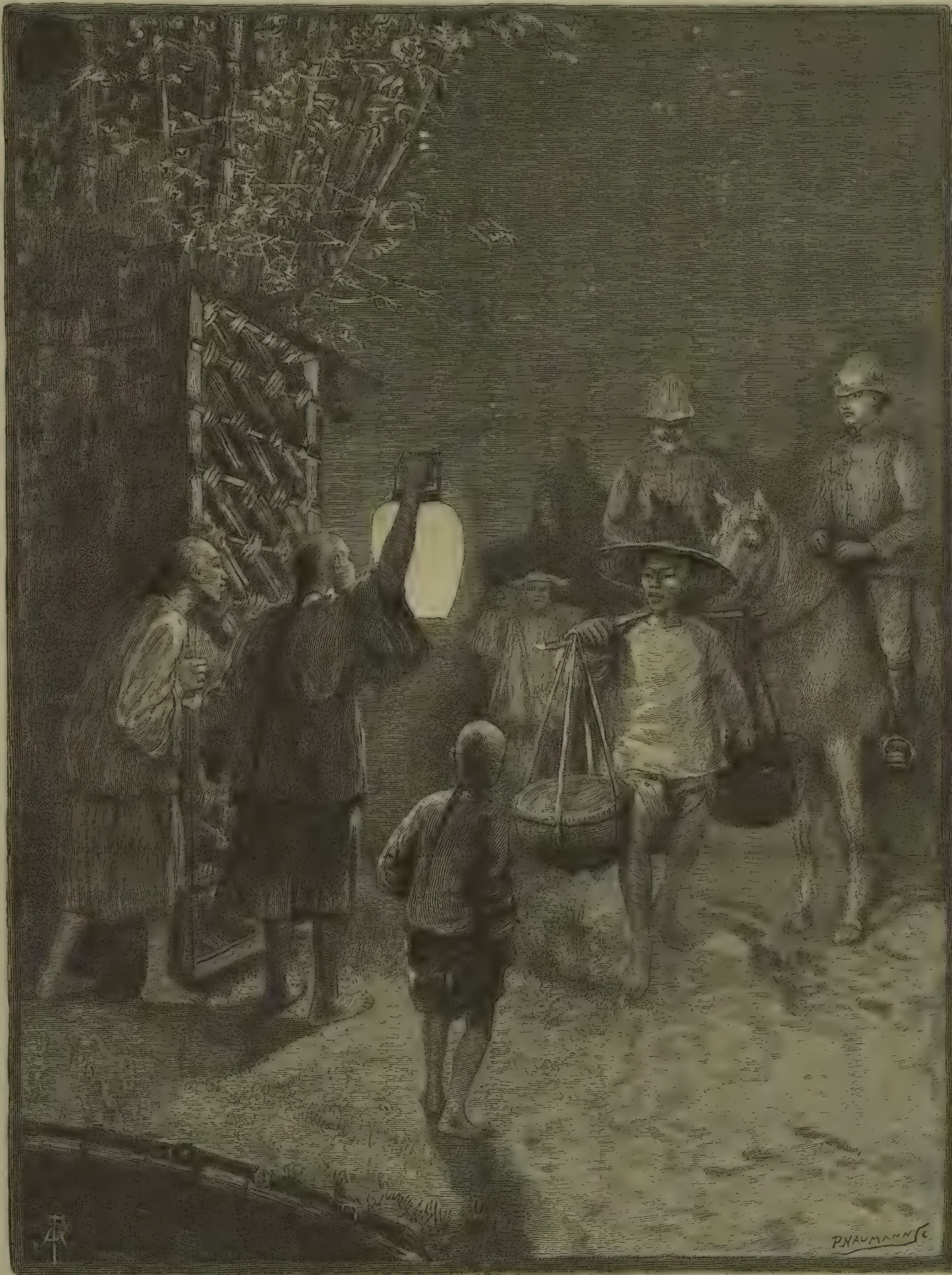
The ceremony of opening the Central Library, in connection with the existing libraries at Battersea, was performed on March 26 by Mr. Mundella, M.P., who said that at the beginning of this century there did not exist such a library as that in Battersea outside the Universities and learned societies. He regretted that London, with its great wealth and enormous population, was behind the provincial towns in the North of England in the adoption of free libraries. In the evening there was a meeting at the Battersea Baths to celebrate the opening. Lord Rosebery pointed

out the great advance of education and the increased facilities for reading and study. The devotion of the working classes to books and newspapers, he considered, would promote reform in those parts of our social and political system which needed it.

The Dean of Peterborough (Dr. Perowne) has declined the offer of the Bishopric of Bangor, on the ground that he cannot speak the Welsh language fluently. Dr. Perowne was formerly head of Lampeter College.

Mr. Gladstone, who is the senior Governor of Guy's Hospital, opened a new medical college in connection with that institution on March 26. It will accommodate fifty resident students, and is connected by a subway with the hospital. At the luncheon, Mr. Gladstone spoke of the extraordinary changes that had occurred since the time of Dr. Mead in the development of the medical profession.

The position of Chief Magistrate of the Metropolis, vacant by the death of Sir James Ingham, has been offered to and accepted by Mr. John Bridge. He was called to the Bar on Jan. 25, 1850, and was appointed a metropolitan magistrate on Jan. 18, 1872. On the death of the late Mr. Flowers he was transferred from the Southwark Police-Court, where he had presided for some years, to Bow-street Police-Court.



SKETCHES IN FORMOSA: ARRIVAL AT BANKIMSING.

Empire, the paths of ship voyages across the great oceans, and the scenes of modern travel, adventure, and wild warfare in Africa, in Afghanistan, and in Western America, which present the most stirring incidents of our time. Several new pieces comprised in this edition are remarkable not only for the striking force of conception and the vivid narrative power with which they tell their stories, but also for their metrical effect. "The Australian Stock-Rider's Second Sight," and "Blackbirding," which means kidnapping the natives of the Western Pacific Isles, are especially worthy of notice.

English Men of Action: Captain Cook. By Walter Besant. (Macmillan and Co.)—The prosperity of modern England, and the prospect of an immensely greater future prosperity for the English race, are so largely due to maritime discovery and to subsequent colonisation that we might almost be justified in esteeming Captain Cook and a few other sailors worthy of more national gratitude than Marlborough or Wellington, or any military conquerors. Mr. Walter Besant, a charming novelist, is such a thorough Englishman in feeling, and has, in more than one of his stories, so heartily expressed his predilection for the seafaring element of romance, that his undertaking to write the Life of the nautical explorer of the Eastern Australian coast, of New Zealand,

OBITUARY.

SIR CHARLES BURDETT, BART.

Sir Charles Wentworth Burdett, seventh Baronet of Burthwaite, in the county of York, whose death in New Zealand is just announced, was born Nov. 4, 1835. He was the elder son of Sir Charles Wentworth Burdett, sixth Baronet, an officer in the East India Company's Service, by his wife, Harriet, daughter of the late Mr. William Hugh Burgess, of London, and succeeded to the title (which was created in 1665) on the death of his father, in 1848. The deceased Baronet was formerly Lieutenant in the 54th Foot, and subsequently in the 2nd Staffordshire Militia. He married, in 1874, Miss Grant, and leaves, with two daughters, an only son, now Sir Charles Grant Burdett, eighth Baronet, who was born in 1875.

SIR EDWARD PORTER COWAN.

Sir Edward Porter Cowan, of Clintough and Craigavad, in the county of Down, Lord Lieutenant of Antrim, and formerly Mayor of Belfast, died on March 24, aged forty-eight. He was the only child of the late Mr. Samuel Cowan of Cromac House, near Belfast, by Elizabeth, his wife, daughter of the late Mr. Edward Porter, of Belfast, and was educated at the Royal Belfast Academical Institution. He was a Justice of the Peace and Deputy Lieutenant for the county of Down, and a Magistrate for Belfast and the county of Antrim. Last year he served the office of High Sheriff for the former county. He was Chairman of the Ulster Banking Company and a Governor of the Asylum Board. In 1881 he was made Mayor of Belfast, in which year he received the honour of knighthood. The deceased gentleman married, in 1866, his cousin Agnes, daughter of Mr. Andrew Cowan of Glenghana, and had issue.

MR. PLEYDELL-BOUVERIE OF BRYMORE.

Mr. Philip Pleydell-Bouverie of Brymore, in the county of Somerset, died on March 10, at Cannes, France. He was born April 21, 1821, the only son of the late Hon. Philip Pleydell-Bouverie of Brymore (fourth son of the second Earl of Radnor) by his wife Maria, daughter of Sir William Pierce A'Court, first Baronet, and sister of William, first Lord Heytesbury. He was educated at Harrow and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his degree of M.A. in 1846. He was a Deputy Lieutenant and a Justice of the Peace for Somersetshire, and was High Sheriff for that county in 1878. Mr. Pleydell-Bouverie was formerly a partner in the great banking firm of Ransom, Bouverie, and Co. He married, Aug. 21, 1847, Jane, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Henry Seymour of Knoyle, Wilts. and Trent Manor in the county of Somerset, and leaves issue three sons and four daughters. His second daughter is wife of the Right Hon. Sir Frederick Peel, K.C.M.G.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Lady Dorcas Chichester, sister of the present Marquis of Donegall and of Countess Ferrers, on March 6.

Mr. John Henry Rutherford, of Newcastle, the well-known educationist, recently, aged sixty-four.

Mr. Benjamin Thomas Williams, Q.C., late Recorder of Carmarthen, and County Court Judge at Swansea, on March 21. He was for a few years M.P., as a Liberal, for Carmarthen.

Admiral Charles Wake, at Devonport, on March 27, aged sixty-six years. He was the son of the late Sir Charles Wake of Courtenhall, Northamptonshire.

Canon Hopwood, for many years Rector of Winwick, near Newton-le-Willows, one of the richest livings in Lancashire. He was more than eighty years of age.

Mr. James Robertson Thurlow Cunyngame, fourth son of Sir Francis Thurlow Cunyngame, eighth Baronet, on Jan. 21, in Melbourne, Australia, aged forty-nine.

Mr. John Crossley Sutcliffe of The Lee, Yorkshire, on March 14, aged seventy-six. He was a Deputy Lieutenant and a Justice of the Peace for the West Riding of York, and was formerly a Captain in the West York Light Infantry.

Mr. Charles John Baker, barrister-at-law, registrar for thirty years to the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy, on March 23, in his eighty-second year. He was the last surviving son of Sir Robert Baker, Chief Police Magistrate of London.

The Rev. Michael Angelo Atkinson, M.A., late Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge, Rector of Fakenham, Norfolk, and Hon. Canon of Norwich, on March 22, aged seventy-seven.

Major Frederick Gordon Cumming, Cheshire Regiment, youngest son of Sir William Gordon Cumming, Bart., of Altyre and Gordonstoun, on March 23, killed in action in the Chin Hills, Upper Burma.

The Hon. Richard Milnes, only son of Lord Houghton, on March 20, at Torquay, where he had spent the winter months under the care of his aunt, Lady Fitzgerald, and his grandmother, Lady Hermione Graham.

Major-General Henry White Hitchens, retired Royal Engineers, at Brighton. He joined the service in 1841; served in the China Expeditionary Force, 1841-6 (medal); was promoted to the rank of Captain 1854, Lieutenant-Colonel 1861, Colonel 1864, and retired with the rank of Major-General in 1869.

Dowager Lady Armstrong (Frances Fullerton), widow of Andrew Armstrong, Bart., of Gallen Priory, King's County, and daughter of Mr. George Alexander Fullerton of Westwood, Hants, and Ballintoy Castle, in the county of Antrim, on March 19, aged seventy-seven.

The Hon. and Rev. Francis Richard Grey, Rector of Morpeth, Northumberland, and Hon. Canon of Newcastle, at Morpeth Rectory, on March 22. He was the eighth son of the late Earl Grey, and brother of the present Peer, and was born in 1813. He married, in 1840, Lady Elizabeth Howard, fifth daughter of George, sixth Earl of Carlisle, who survives him.

General Spencer Westmacott, on March 21, at Bournemouth. He was the son of the late Sir Richard Westmacott, R.A., and entered the Royal Engineers in June 1836. He served in Canada during the rebellion, and the raids from the United States in 1838-9. He became Colonel and Major-General in December 1868, and was placed on the retired list in July 1881.

Major-General Cuthbert Ward Burton, suddenly, at Dover, on March 20, in his fifty-eighth year. He entered the Royal Marine Light Infantry in June 1849, and rendered distinguished service during the Chinese War of 1856-8. On quitting the China station he received the thanks of the Commander-in-Chief, and was given the medal with two clasps and the brevet rank of Major. He retired from the service in 1884 with the honorary rank of Major-General.

The Rev. John Sparling, M.A., of Petton Park, Shropshire, formerly Rector of Eccleston, near Chorley, on March 11, in his seventy-fifth year. He was educated at Oriel College, Oxford, and was a magistrate for county Lancaster. He married, in 1843, Catherine Sybilla, daughter of Sir Thomas Joseph de Trafford, first Baronet, of Trafford Park, Manchester, and leaves an only child—Emma, wife of Mr. Ellis Brooke Cunliffe of Aldby Park, Yorkshire.

CHESS.

J R (Blyth).—We fear you must rank us with your successors. We have no desire to see your problems.

BURGESS (Stalybridge).—The White King cannot make the move indicated. Although the Black Rook is pinned, it commands the square in question.

REV J WILLIS (Barnstaple, Mass., U.S.A.).—You have not succeeded in solving No. 236; and No. 238 was perfectly correct.

G ESPOSITO LAW (Naples).—We know of no work dealing with the openings at odd, except Staunton's "Companion." Something of the sort is much wanted.

R N S (Kentish Town).—Thanks for information.

A M K (Petersfield).—Much too simple. The threatened check by the Bishop at Q B 6th gives the solution at a glance.

C R O'Farrell. No. 1 can be solved by Q to Kt 5th (ch), K moves. 2 Q to Q B 5th, mate. No. 2 seems correct, but is too simple. Both, however, show signs of skill which is worth cultivating.

E Springman (West Derby).—We must have the solution with the problem before examining.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 234 received from O Balk (Yokohama); of No. 234 from T M Sini, B.A. (Chingieput) and T E Kumar; of No. 236 from Dr A R V Sistr (Mysore Province); of No. 236 from Dr A R V Sistr, T E Kumar, and T M Sini, B.A.; of No. 238 from G A Clowes (Iowa, U.S.A.) and J Underwood; of No. 238 from An Old Lady (Petersburg) and T U; of No. 238 from G Bunting and T U; of No. 238 from J Kistruck, T D W Barrett, R W Pordige (Bath), Melchior, Lieut-Colonel Lorraine, and T U; of No. 238 from J E Herbert (Ashford), Bernard Reynolds Monty, G Meursius (Brussels), A W Hamilton Gell (Exeter), Ph L (Hanover), Echecs (Belfast), A Goldard (Cottenham), E E H, J C Mather, A Gwinner (Seaford), Herbert Chown, H Morse (Shanklin), Captain J A Challice, Melchior, G Bunting, S S T, and R N Banks; of No. 237 from Dawn, J Cond, B D Knox, R H Brooks, Alpha, Martin, F, J E Herbert (Ashford), D M (Blyth), F H M, J Dixon, A Newman, T Roberts, N Harris, R W Pordige, W R Baitell, Julia Short (Exeter), A W H Gell (Exeter), E Louden, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), W Druce, W Harry Ridgway, R Worters (Canterbury), R L D Eccles, T N Smalllewe, W David (Cardiff), T G (Ware), E Casella (Paris), Ph L (Hanover), L Desanges, H Boumann (Horn), G J Veale, J Kistruck, W H D Henvey, Fr Fernando (Dublin), W Day, A Goldard, Mishi-Vish, C E Pernigini, E E H, E A Graves, W Erie Gower, Mrs Kelly, W Barrett, J D Tucker, F G Rowlands, J Leith, H S B (Ben Rhydding), Melchior, H Morse, W Rigby, M Mullendorff (Luxembourg), C Finley-Barr (Brixton), Rev Winfield Cooper, G Bunting, R T Mafts (Leatherhead), Sergeant Mahoney (Birkenhead), A E Gwinner, E G Boys, Joseph T Pullen (Lancaster), Captain J A Challice, Shalford, Columbus, Monty, Pat Marshall (Blaford), Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), and Thomas Chown.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 238 received from Hereward, Beatrice Hufeland, R H Brooks, Julia Short (Exeter), Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), G J Moss, Dawn, J Cond, W R Baitell, Jupiter Junior, E A Graves (Taunton), R S Stewart, M.D., Martin F, A Newman, R G Boys, H S B (Ben Rhydding), M Mullendorff, E Phillips, C M A B, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), H Morse, Melchior, N Harris, J Drew, T G (Ware), A W Hamilton Gell, W David (Cardiff), M Moore, W H D Henvey, Fr Fernando, Mrs W J Baird, Lieut-Col Lorraine, E Louden, Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), F Thackeray, Donald Greenwell, J Ross (Whitley), Shalford, Thomas Chown, T Roberts, F Olive, G Meursius (Brussels), E E H, Joseph T Pullen, Fr Fernando (Dublin), W R B (Plymouth), C E Pernigini, W R (St Leonards), Hermit, Monty, R W Pordige, Columbus, Sergeant Mahoney, R D Knox, G J Veale, R Worters (Canterbury), A Gwinner, E J G Ffard, Rev Winfield Cooper, J E Herbert, F G Rowland (Shrewsbury), T W Davis (Bath), H Boumann (Berlin), W Erie Gower, R T Mafts, Toy (Penarth), J Dixon, F G Tucker (Bristol), E O'Gorman (Dublin), F Wilson, Carslake W Wood, R F N Banks, A H Waddon, S Parry, and W Rigby.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2396.—By B. G. LAWS.

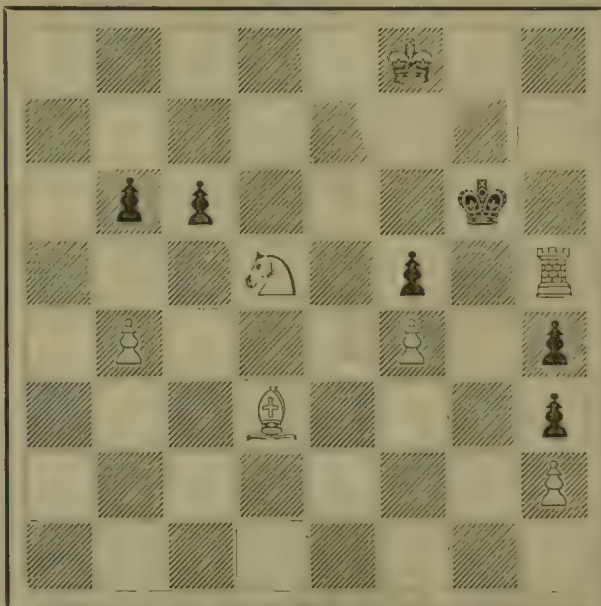
WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to Kt 7th. P to B 5th or K to K 5th
2. Kt to Kt 8th (dis ch) K moves
3. Mate

If Black play 1. K to B 5th, then 2. Kt to K 5th (ch); if Kt to B 3rd, 2. Kt takes R P; and if 1. P to R 7th, 2. Q to Q 7th (ch), &c.

PROBLEM No. 2400.

By JOHN CRUM.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN CANADA.

Game played in the Canadian Chess Association Tourney between Messrs. MCLEOD and NARRAWAY.

(French Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. McL.) BLACK (Mr. N.)
1. P to K 4th P to K 3rd
2. P to Q B 3rd
An opening peculiar to Mr. McLeod.
3. P takes P P takes P
4. Kt to K B 3rd B to K Kt 5th
5. B to K 2nd Kt to K B 3rd
6. P to K R 3rd B to K 3rd
7. P to Q 4th B to K 2nd
8. B to K 3rd P to B 3rd
9. Q Kt to Q 2nd Kt to K 5th
10. Q to B 2nd P to K B 4th
11. Kt takes Kt B P takes Kt
While this move is good in theory, a capture with the Q P, followed at once by Castles, affords a fair attack, which ever side White castles.
12. Kt to Q 2nd Castles
13. Castles (Q R) Kt to Q 2nd
14. P to K B 4th P to Q Kt 3rd
Rather more vigorous than this is called for. Q to Q 4th would easily lead to a mettle some attack on the somewhat insecurely housed White King.
15. P to K Kt 4th P to Q B 4th
16. Q R to B sq P takes P
17. B takes P B to B 3rd
18. Kt to Kt 3rd
This Kt is beautifully posted here.

The week of the Boat-race brings a variety of University sportsmen to the Metropolis, and among the annual fixtures must now be included the chess campaign of the Oxford and Cambridge Clubs, which culminates in their match with each other. The first evening the visiting teams played different opponents, Oxford engaging the North London and Cambridge the British Chess Clubs. In these, Oxford made a draw with four games credited to each side, while Cambridge was completely beaten by 7 to 2, four half-points making the score. The following evening the combined teams played the City of London Club at its rooms in Newgate-street, and were defeated by 12 games to 7. On the third evening the Inter-University match took place, when, contrary to general expectation, Cambridge won by 4½ games to 3½. Appended is the full score:—

OXFORD.	CAMBRIDGE.
1. E. M. Jackson, New .. 1	A. W. Allen, Trinity .. 0
2. F. B. Gunnery, Christ Church .. 1	H. B. Lester, Queens .. 0
3. W. Stoney, Christ Church .. ½	H. E. Robinson, St. Catharine .. ½
4. W. M. Le Patourel, Balliol .. 0	H. Prior, Trinity .. 1
5. J. F. Ure, Christ Church .. 0	W. C. Sandford, Queens .. 1
6. F. E. Jelly, Magdalen .. ½	R. C. Stephenson, Caius .. ½
7. L. C. Crump, Balliol .. ½	E. B. James, Caius .. ½
Total, 3½	Total, 4½

The Counties Chess Association is showing signs of vitality after a period of suspended animation. It proposes to hold a meeting at Cambridge during the summer months, under the presidency of the Provost of King's. Play will take place in the college hall, the arrangements for which will be made by Mr. A. R. Hopes, the local honorary secretary. The Rev. A. B. Skipworth is the moving spirit of this association, and he hopes to secure a good executive to carry matters to a successful issue.

CREMATION IN JAPAN.

We recently described the Burmese funeral ceremony of cremation, performed at Mandalay with extraordinary pomp and magnificence, the procession including a monstrous artificial figure of an elephant supporting the bier under a lofty pagoda, in honour of a deceased "Phoongye"—the Abbot and High Priest of a great Buddhist Monastery, whose body was thus ceremoniously committed to all-consuming fire.

The Buddhists of Eastern Asia, believing in the transmigration of souls, and holding that the portion of material substance which was lent to the soul for life's garment should be punctually returned to the general service of nature, adhere to the custom of burning the dead. In Japan, as our readers know, the official State religion, that of the Mikado and his Court, the aristocracy and privileged classes, is not Buddhism; it is nominally that curious mythological system called the "Shin-tu," which is peculiar to ancient Japan. But the middle and working classes of the people are mostly Buddhists. Their temples, which many travellers have described, invariably have cremation grounds or courts attached to them, which are beautifully kept in order, and often taste fully adorned with works of architecture, pictures, and sculpture.

Mr. Ernest Wetton has favoured us with a sketch of the scene he witnessed at the cremation of the Chief Priest of the Mino temple, in the Hiogo Prefecture; and with another, of the far less costly and stately funeral rites of a poor person, for which a common undertaker was employed at a charge of about seven shillings. In the case of the dignified ecclesiastic, the pyre was composed of logs of sweet-scented wood, contributed by all the different temples in the province. They were laid so as to form a hollow cube, the bottom of which was covered with light combustibles. The dead body, having lain in state at the temple, where religious services were performed, was brought to the place of cremation, in a sort of "shell," and was put into the hollow of the pyre; the fire was then solemnly kindled, and the funeral procession withdrew. The ashes of the corpse were next day collected and placed in a vase for preservation in the temple.

"FORTY."

The termination of the Lenten season—"the forty days and forty nights" corresponding to the period of the Temptation of Jesus in the wilderness, "with dark shades and rocks environed round"—recalls the peculiar significance which formerly attached to the number "Forty"—a significance originating, of course, in its biblical employment as one of those numbers which, as St. Augustine remarks, are intended to be representative rather than determinative; which convey the idea of completeness, but are not to be construed literally. Mr. Philloté has pointed out that this notion of representative numbers in certain cases is exceedingly common among the Orientals, who entertain a superstitious dislike to counting their numbers accurately. It also enters into several chronological systems, while it is to be met with in the philosophical and metaphysical speculations not only of the Pythagorean and other ancient philosophical schools, both Greek and Roman, but also in those of the later Jewish writers, of the Gnostics, and more than one of the Fathers.

The reader will not fail to remember how often the number forty occurs in Scripture; generally in a representative, though sometimes, perhaps, in a definite sense. Thus we read that Isaac was forty years old when he took Rebekah to wife, and Esau of the same age when he wedded the two Hittite damsels; that Joseph and his kinsmen fasted forty days for their father, Jacob; that the Hebrew spies searched Canaan during forty days. We read also that the rains of the Deluge descended for forty days, and that forty days elapsed before Noah opened the windows of the ark. Also, of the forty days of Moses; of the forty years' wanderings of the Israelites; Elijah's forty days and nights, when he was fed by ravens; Jonah's forty days' warning to Nineveh; the forty days of Christ between the Resurrection and the Ascension. After their warfare with the King of Mesopotamia, the people of Israel had rest for forty years. Eli judged Israel for forty years; Saul, David, Solomon, each reigned for the same period.

The prominence given to this number in the biblical records invested it with a strong attraction for the Eastern nations. The Mohammedans mourn forty days for the dead, and keep their Ramadan for forty days. In Arabian fiction thieves and footpads always go in gangs of forty, as in the story of "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves" and in that of "Ahmed the Cobbler," where a body of forty robbers plunder the royal treasury. In the tale of "The Third Calender," his voyage prospers for forty days, and he is entertained by forty damsels, who absent themselves for forty days. In "Aladdin and his Lamp," after the disappearance of his fairy palace, which the genii transport to Africa, the Sultan of China allows him forty days to trace it and recover his daughter, the beautiful princess. Nasir, in a Persian story, is instructed by the last will of a hermit, whom he finds lying dead in his cell, to spend forty days in prayer for the restoration of the Fairies' Fountain. This hero is so expert with his bow that he shoots an arrow through a suspended finger-ring forty times running—a feat which none of Robin Hood's merry men seem ever to have equalled.

The mediæval leech made a good deal of mystery about this period of forty, while the alchemist taught his dupes that forty days were required for the perfecting of the *magisterium*, or philosopher's stone. We know that if it rain upon St. Swithin's Day, rain there will be for forty days afterwards. As Gay puts it: "Twice twenty days shall clouds their fleeces drain." The large place which this number occupied in the usages of the Western nations is shown by the forty days which the old law conceded for the payment of the fine for manslaughter; and the quarantine, or forty days' isolation, imposed upon ships bound from infected ports; by the forty days over which the privilege of sanctuary extended; the forty days' occupation of her dead husband's house granted to a widow; the forty days' service which a knight demanded from his vassal; the fine of forty pence inflicted on a new-made burgess unless he built a house within forty days. A bard's fee for his song was forty pence while he was in his novitiate; twice forty when he became a master.

Who has not heard of the Field of Forty Footsteps? Of the forty fauteuils provided for the members of the Académie Française? Of the forty-shilling freeholder? While to this day forty shillings remains a favourite fine.

Everyone remembers that Shakspeare's Puck could "put a girdle round about the world in forty minutes." And was there not a ballad, "The Humour of Forty Fancies," which the made-up Petruccio set up in his footboy's hat instead of a feather? "Forty deans is too much to lose," exclaims the courtesan in the "Comedy of Errors"; and "I could beat forty of them," says Coriolanus of the Volscians. Forty more instances of this figurative use of the number forty might easily be adduced; but I fear that by this time the reader may be so weary as to yearn for the refreshment of "forty winks!"

W. H. D.-A.



SKETCHES IN FORMOSA: FAREWELL TO BANKIMSING.



CREMATION IN JAPAN.—SKETCH BY MR. ERNEST WETTON.

THE MIRTH OF MONTE CARLO.

It seems to be pretty generally agreed that there is something wrong with Monte Carlo this year. Its warmest advocates are becoming a little shaky in their allegiance. Those who have supported it with the most generous enthusiasm are a little bit inclined to give it the cold shoulder. They find something the matter with the room, and something worse with the company. They cannot, try as they will, blind their eyes to open thefts at the gambling-tables, or daring robberies at the best hotels. Those who hasten every winter to the Riviera for a little rest, and are not disinclined for a little harmless fun, are beginning to wax wroth at the tipsy antics of "uncrowned kings" and "chartered libertines." When the refined pleasures of Monte Carlo are exchanged for the tipsy vulgarity of Margate, its day is doomed as a pleasure-resort. Invalids and hard-worked men do not travel to the South of France to find health, peace, or rest in a place that nowadays tempts 'Arry from the jetty, and diversifies French manners and pleasant café life with the rowdiness of the Criterion bar, or the reckless conviviality of the "Ruby Buvette." There will soon be no need of sermons from parsons, or sneers from pessimists, or protests from the Vigilance Society, or screeds from the conscientious opponents of gambling. The downfall of Monte Carlo will date from the introduction of British mohawkism and the advent of that detestable personage the "uncrowned king," whose sense of humour is as limited as his power of noise is unequalled.

Monte Carlo is not the first place that has had cause to regret its tolerant attitude towards the "uncrowned king" and the "chartered libertine." Pleasant society has elsewhere and before now been disturbed by the bawling egotists who vary their natural bray with the blowing of horns and the use of highly spiced language. Margate herself once owned an "uncrowned king," and a very great nuisance he was to the more orderly and respectable inhabitants, who do not care to have their pleasure-resort spoiled by the assertive swagger of a secondhand Corinthian Tom. A "Jerry" of this peculiar build once on a time awoke the echoes of sleepy little Cromer, and made it lively for the inhabitants of the villages between that delightful spot and the city of Norwich by driving a coach at breakneck pace between city and seaside, and occasionally killing a horse or so on the journey, which was concluded with a debauch at the Hall, in the company of grooms and ostlers. Margate and Cromer were, in the end, heartily glad to be rid of these "uncrowned kings"; and it would not surprise me to find that, in the long-run, even Monte Carlo would prefer their room to their company. Time will show. But I do not think it will be disputed that the "weeding out" process might be advantageously applied to what might still be considered as one of the loveliest spots on earth. When the management of the gambling establishment see fit to limit the number of their invitations, or, at any rate, to exercise some scrutiny over the character of their guests; when hotel proprietors care to consider the comfort of their visitors by rigidly excluding all who are lamentably ignorant of the ordinary rules of behaviour in public places; and when the police of Monte Carlo choose to preserve order by day as well as by night in the pretty streets of this sunny and fascinating Principality—then, and not before, will the old patronage be restored to it. In the old days people went to Monte Carlo to stay: now they peep in and run away. They go to Nice, or Cannes, or Beaulieu, or Mentone to rest and sleep: they go to Monte Carlo to gamble, and no more.

The glowing descriptions of the beauty of this enchanting spot have never been exaggerated. It may blow biting blasts

of wind at Milan: it may be shivering cold at Genoa: you may be chilled to the very bone in Venice—but in the worst of weathers it seems ever sunny, ever warm, ever genial by the blue sea, or the Condammes road, or that geranium-covered garden that tops the hill by the old castle, or on the upper or lower road that leads over the mountain, or by the seashore to Nice. How delightful it is coming from Paris by the *train de luxe* to meet the sun! It is so gradual, so pleasant, so alluring. Waking up in the morning, the scene begins to be enchanting when the olive-groves are first reached. It gets better in the bend of the blue bays that warn us of the approach to Marseilles. But the true beauty of the Riviera scenery is not impressed firmly on the mind until the train reaches Cannes, and dull winter is instantly exchanged for glowing summer-time. We have left London in a rainstorm, and Paris, perhaps, covered with snow; but behold the beauty of the flower-gardens and villa-terraces that make the sunny Cannes a place of beauty and a joy for ever! Rose-gardens and hedges of heliotrope, and palms and pink almond, and beds of carnations and borderings of coloured anemones may have been seen before; but what an extra effect of beauty is added by the groves of deep-coloured oranges and golden lemons in profusion! It is like waking up in another world. It is so burning hot that each balcony is protected with a striped awning. The tennis-players, in their flannels, are hard at it in the villa gardens, and there is not a station that we pass, as the train skirts the sunny bay, that is not filled with flowers and fruit. All this is Riviera life in its full perfection. No noise, no restlessness, no vulgarity. Horseplay and shouting here would be an insult to Nature: you might just as well bawl in a church. And, beauty for beauty, let people praise their favourite spots as they will, there is no point on the glorious Corniche road that will beat Monte Carlo and its matchless situation. Elsewhere you have the villas washed by the tideless Mediterranean, elsewhere the sun-kissed gardens, elsewhere the well-kept promenades, elsewhere the profusion of flowers and fruit—but where else that splendid background of blue-grey mountain? where else the castled promontories? where else the basking shelter from all winds and storms that hazy and annoy? How inartistic in the extreme is it to fill in such an enchanting picture, to contrast such scenery, and to oppose such scents and flowers with the rowdiness of the race-course and the riot of the drinking-bar! We used to talk of the refinement of foreign life, the order and cleanliness of daily existence away from home. The change to the Englishman was to dine in a French restaurant, to smoke in a foreign café, to learn their habits and understand their ways, to enjoy the liveliness and simple pleasures of our neighbours, to exchange dulness for decorum. But such a change as this is gradually becoming impossible, when Monte Carlo is captured by the English and stormed by the patrons of the American bar! To whom except to the rowdily inclined can it be pleasure to make life at Monte Carlo one long round of tipsy carnival, without wit, wisdom, or decorum? It is pleasant to play the fool on the proper occasion. But this wise maxim is misunderstood at Monte Carlo, where "tomfool" appears to reign for ever.

Many of us remember the gambling places of Europe when they were in the very height of their excitement and beauty. Spa, with its delicious pine-woods and beautiful women! Ems-Baden, with its Kings and Emperors: I was there when the old Emperor and Benedetti met just before the crash that culminated in the Franco-Prussian war! Wiesbaden, with its aristocratic society! Baden-Baden, with its summer evenings and the glorious strains of the incomparable band of Strauss!

Is it because we are getting older or wiser, or what, that we fancy there was more taste, more decorum, more order in the old gambling resorts of the Continent than in modern Monte Carlo? Would English gentlemen in those days have halloed about the streets like tipsy car-drivers, or ventured into a restaurant to give tongue in Cockney vernacular? I opine not. The Englishmen of those days prided themselves on their breeding, and were justly esteemed for their courteous behaviour. But it was prophesied of those places that they would expire and fall into ruin by the banishment of the tables. Never was prophecy less justified. They have flourished exceedingly since the ball clicked for the last time and the game was over. And so with Monte Carlo. The ruin that is in store for it is the outcome of its own vulgarity. The walls of the modern Jericho will not fall at the trumpet-blasts of the purist or the prude, but from the want of a Hercules strong enough to cleanse its Augean stables. People will get sick of Monte Carlo when they cannot play without being pilfered by sharps, and cannot leave their hotel bedrooms except they are guarded by detectives. Nothing will ever stop gambling. But, if Monte Carlo is ever to flourish, gambling will have to be moved on. The peace and serenity of nature will not much longer be disturbed by the riff-raff and vultures who swarm over this unhappy carcass!

C. S.

A sculling-match for £200 a side between John M'Lean and Neil Matterson was rowed on the Parramatta River, Sydney, on March 28, and resulted in a victory for M'Lean.

In response to the special appeal made by the National Rifle Association in connection with the new Wimbledon, the following additional sums have been promised: the Duke of Bedford, £500; the Earl of Wemyss, £250; the Duke of Northumberland, £100; Sir H. Fletcher, M.P., £50; Colonel Humphrey, £5 5s.; Mr. Macdonald Cameron, M.P., £5 5s.; Captain Pixley, £50; Colonel Alexander Wilson, £50; Colonel Egerton, £50; Colonel Marston, £50.

At the Royal United Service Institution, on March 28, the late Lord Advocate, Colonel J. H. A. Macdonald, commanding the Forth Volunteer Brigade, read a paper on "Infantry Training." He condemned the practice of drilling and training for inspection and parade rather than for practical warfare, and advocated a more diversified form of training. Lord Wolseley, who presided, remarked that the subject had been usefully, if not exhaustively, discussed, and said he should be glad to see troops taken over rough and broken ground for shooting and manœuvring rather than marching past on the parade-ground at the double. The military authorities, he said, were prepared to adopt new ideas if proved to be advantageous.

The Board of Trade have granted the rewards mentioned below to the masters and certain members of the crew of the German steamship Ems, of Bremen, which attempted to rescue the crew of the schooner Hebe, of Greenock, which was disabled in a hurricane in the North Atlantic on Feb. 22, 1890, and to the master and certain members of the crew of the British steamship Colonist, of London, which, two days later, took the shipwrecked men off the wreck of the vessel: a piece of plate to Mr. James Sanders, master of the Ems; a gold shipwreck medal to Charles Pollack, third mate; silver medals to Joseph Herold, William Falkenburg, and Robert Schmidt, seamen of that vessel; a binocular glass to Mr. Alfred Corner, master of the Colonist; a bronze medal to W. H. Parker, third officer; and sums of £2 each to Daniel Flynn, J. Jacobson, A. Sheridan, and Francis Young, seamen of that vessel.

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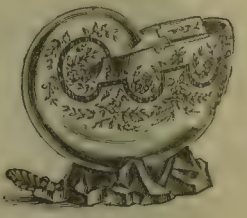


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THE LADIES' COLUMN.

We English housewives, speaking of us as a class, can profit much by such an address as that which was recently given on salad-plants before the Royal Horticultural Society. The lecturer, M. De Vilmorin, is a distinguished French horticulturist. His speech was devoted to showing how many more vegetable products could be used as salads than are commonly so employed. If this be true even of France, it is yet more true of England. There are thousands of middle-class homes where salad is hardly ever seen on the table, all the year round; while the poor regard it as a luxury which they never think of eating. Poor French people appreciate salad as they appreciate soup; these are ordinary features of their diet, and who can doubt that it is of great advantage to them habitually to use such palatable and nourishing additions to the meagre fare at the poor man's command? But till our better-off housewives learn the value of such food, the working-man's "missis" will continue to throw away the bones and scraps out of which the French woman would make *pot au feu*, and will persist in ignoring the virtues of fresh salads as an addition either to the dinner-table or to the rest of the poor meals, at which bread thinly scraped with butter usually forms the only food. In France, as M. De Vilmorin reminds us, many vegetables unused by us are employed for salad. Dandelion-leaves and "corn salad," nasturtium-flowers and tarragon and chevril, for flavouring, asparagus and cold potato, and many more.

English people, even of refinement, commonly make salad in a coarse and dreadful fashion. The dripping-wet salad vegetables are minced—chopped up quite fine, with a steel knife: then they are covered with a great

quantity of vinegar and a slight dash of oil. "Another way," as the cookery-books have it, is to dress the green-stuff with a mayonnaise sauce, procured in a bottle from the grocer's—a thick compound, looking like furniture cream, strong to the taste and trying to the digestion. This is well pounded up with the wet minced vegetables, and "there you are!"

Mournful errors are those of cooking—from which man suffers perhaps as much as from heresies of thought or blunders of feeling! Salads are so good for the health when properly constructed, as well as so delicious to the taste, that the spoiling or utter neglect of them is deplorable. As M. De Vilmorin pointed out, physiologists have shown that the salts of potash, which are the most valuable ingredients of vegetables, as nourishment for mankind, are removed by cooking to a considerable extent; and, as these salts are very necessary and precious to the maintenance of health and strength, it is important to retain them in the food. One reason why the Irish peasantry have managed to subsist so largely on potatoes and buttermilk is that they always cook the potatoes "in their jackets," and this reserves a good deal of the potash salts which are lost when the tubers are cooked after being peeled. Those who always have potatoes boiled without the skins need uncooked green vegetables the more.

But now comes the crucial point—how to mix the salad so that it shall taste fresh and crisp and appetising, not soft and sodden and soppy; slightly acidulated with vinegar, blandly combined with oil, but not tart enough to make the teeth ache, or flavoured as though stirred with a tallow candle. The first essential is to have good oil, and that can easily be secured by buying it with the label of a first-class house. Good salad oil should be nearly tasteless: if you pour

a little on your hand and touch it with the tip of your tongue you should get no flavour to mention. If there is the least taint or any sickly flavour about it, such as would make it impossible to swallow a tea-spoonful of it without nausea, then reject it altogether: it is by no means fit for the salad. If the oil is right, use in mixing twice as much oil as vinegar; three spoonfuls of oil and one and a half of vinegar suffices for a good-sized bowl of salad. Many English housewives will scout this suggestion, on the ground that they don't like oil. But if the oil is in proper condition, it is impossible that it should be disliked, for it is only perceived as a bland sensation. In the first spoonful of oil should be mixed a salt-spoonful of salt; in the second, a little dab of mustard from the mustard-pot and a dash of pepper. Then the oil should be thoroughly but lightly mixed in salad before the vinegar is added. After that last ingredient is poured over, one or two more light turns finish the mixing.

But there are still a few more points to be attended to in order to have the salad nice, little things not involving much trouble, but making all the difference between excellence of preparation and waste of the goods of nature. The first is that the salad shall be perfectly dry. Some French cooks say that it should not be washed at all, but merely wiped leaf by leaf with a damp cloth. But this is not agreeable to one's feelings, even if it can be had fresh from the garden, when one reflects on the animal life that has wandered around and over the vegetation; not to mention all the hands it has probably passed through when it has been bought in the market. No, it must be washed thoroughly. But it should not be left long soaking in the water (a thing servants love to do—they call it "freshening" the salad, but it really is soaking away its crispness and freshness); and, when

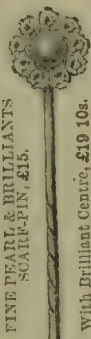
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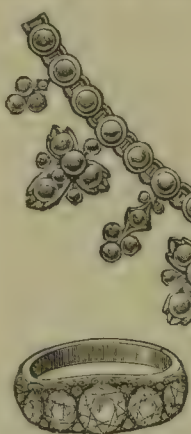
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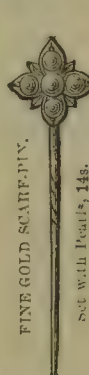
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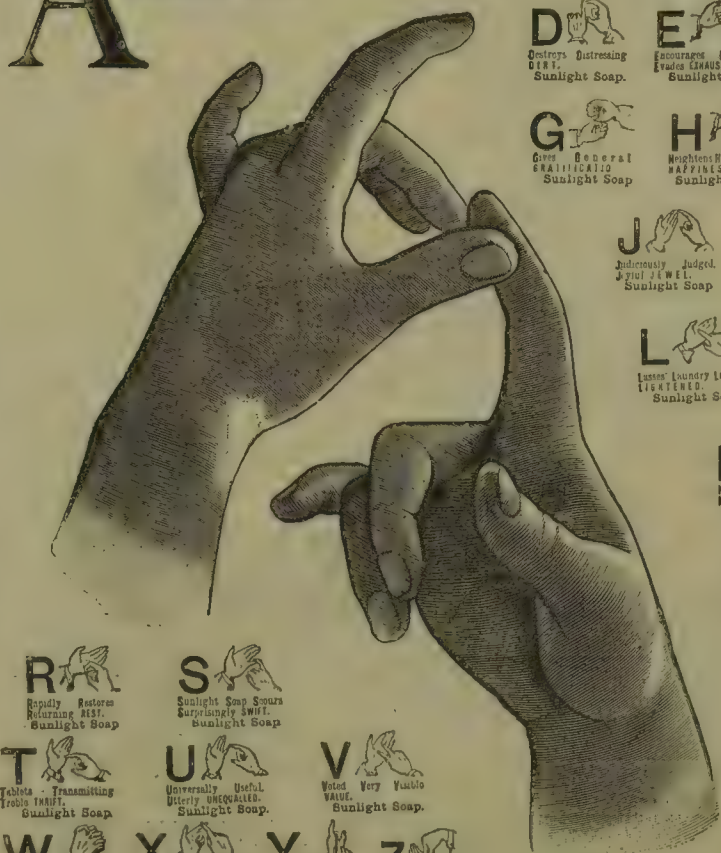
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SHIR

taken out of the bowl in which it has been so purified, it must at once be *thoroughly dried*. The best way to do this is by shaking it, not too much at a time, in a clean napkin.

If the salad be mixed all dripping with water, the oil cannot possibly coat the leaves all over with its delicate invisible globules; the water resists the oil, and it runs off into the bowl, while the leaves soak in the vinegar alone and become much too acid. The next point is that it shall not be cut up *small*, or cut at all with a *steel knife*. The larger leaves, such as those of long lettuce, may be broken with the fingers into about three parts before washing; the small leaves of cabbage lettuce can be left uncut; while endive must either be broken with the fingers or cut with a silver fruit-knife. Onions, celery, beetroot, radishes, and so on are not so much hurt by the steel knife. It is the green vegetables for which the point is so important. Then, too, in the mixing metal must not be used. A wooden fork and spoon alone should be employed. In olden days, in France, the salad used to be mixed at table by the fingers of one of the ladies; and it was considered a compliment to ask one to do this office. But we are more nice than our ancestors.

As an illustration of that last point (to get away from the salad subject), there is an old manuscript in the British Museum Library containing a contemporary account of the coronation feast of poor Anne Boleyn, with a plan of the tables and all other details. The chronicler tells of a function which we should indeed be surprised to hear of as being performed for a

Queen at her coronation feast nowadays. "The Queen sat down at table under her cloth of State. On the right side of her chair stood the Countess of Oxford, widow, and on the left side the Countess of Worcester, all the dinner season, who divers times in the dinner-time did hold a fine cloth before the Queen's face when she list to spit or do otherwise at her pleasure." Fancy!—spitting at the Royal table.

It is a pity when any claim is put forward by women that can be quite reasonably and lawfully rejected on some other ground than the sex of the applicant. This is asking for women not merely a fair field but a favour. The claim to enter the Reporters' Gallery of the House of Commons, which a lady has lately put forward, would be called preposterous if made by a man employed on an insignificant little penny weekly very recently started, and having a small circulation. The demand under such conditions is none the less or the more preposterous when made by a woman. The gallery is very limited in size, and many newspapers with a very large circle of readers, and daily papers too, that need the Parliamentary news telegraphed to them without delay, are unable to have a special representative in the gallery simply because space forbids. The day may and probably will come when some thoroughly competent woman stenographer may be appointed to represent some journal that has on its own merits a seat, or a right to ask a seat, in the gallery; and then it is not at all likely that any objection will be made to a woman taking the place, either by the men

employed in the gallery or by the constituted authorities of the House. But for an obscure new weekly paper of insignificant circulation to try to get a place found for a woman reporter is not a serious claim, and it is a pity to play with the interests of women for the advertisement of individuals and their interests.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

The governing body of Kensington School have appointed the Rev. F. Hedley Joscelyne, of Balliol College, Oxford, to the Head Mastership of the School.

A telegram received at Dundee from St. John's, Newfoundland, reports the arrival of the steamer Kite, with 9500 seals. The Kite reports that the Dundee steamers Aurora and Esquimaux have 4000 each, the Terra Nova 3500, Falcon 13,500, Ranger and Wolf 6000 each, Vanguard 8000, Greenland 5000, Walrus 1500. The ice was represented to be very heavy, and many of the ships "clean."

A dinner was given on March 28 at the Hôtel Métropole by Sir G. Hayter Chubb, chairman of the London Committee of the Edinburgh Exhibition of Electrical Engineering, to meet the principal officers of the exhibition. The attendance was of a representative character, and the chairman, in proposing the toast of the evening, traced briefly the progress of the idea which, from small beginnings, had developed into the present plans, what he was satisfied would prove to be a most successful exhibition.



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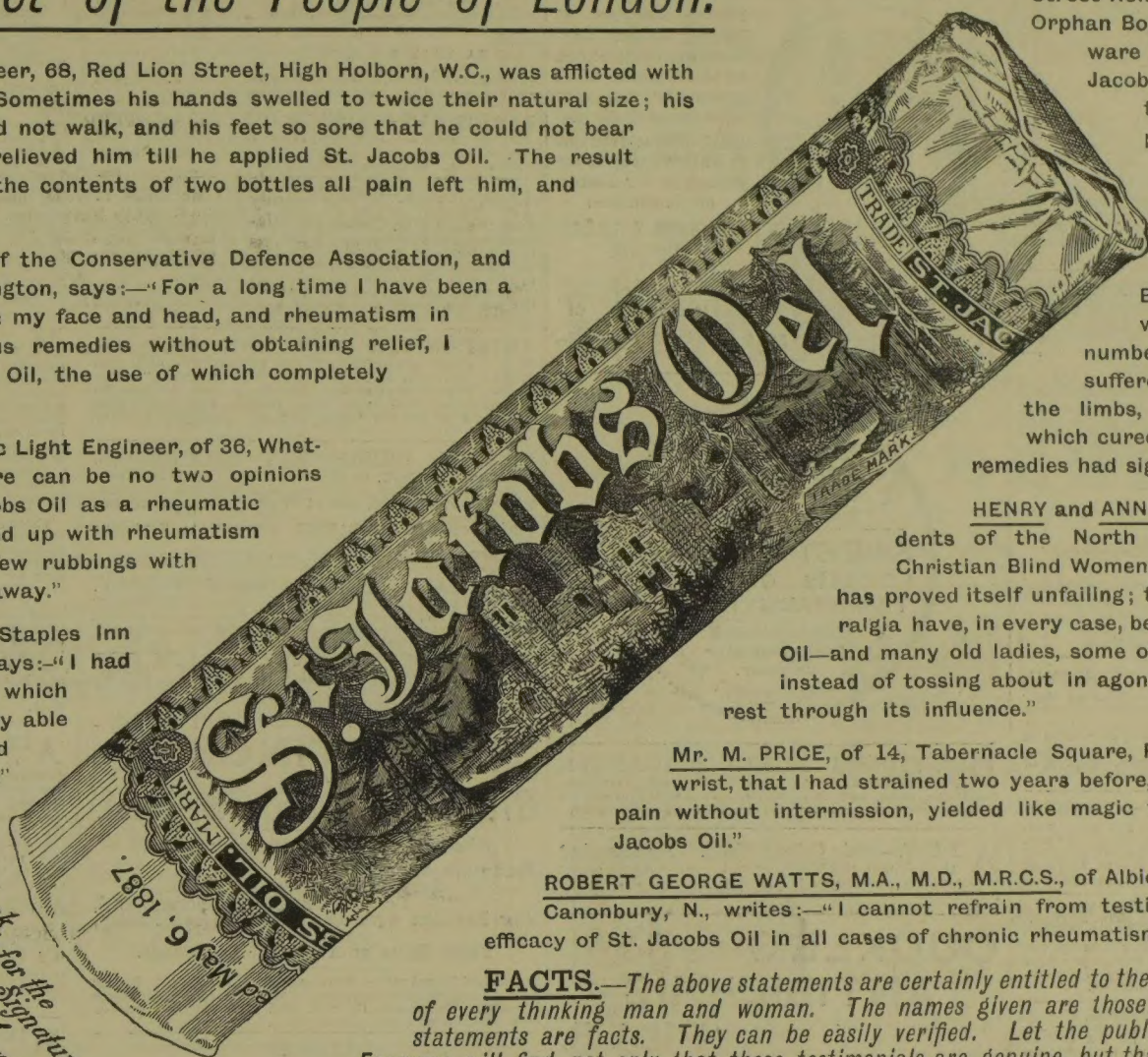
Mr. C. H. PALMER, Secretary of the Conservative Defence Association, and Overseer of the District of Islington, says:—"For a long time I have been a great sufferer from neuralgia in my face and head, and rheumatism in my limbs. After trying various remedies without obtaining relief, I procured a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, the use of which completely removed every trace of pain."

Mr. EDWARD PETERSON, Electric Light Engineer, of 36, Whetstone Park, W.C., says:—"There can be no two opinions respecting the value of St. Jacobs Oil as a rheumatic remedy. I was completely used up with rheumatism in my arms and shoulders; a few rubbings with that famous Oil drove all pain away."

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Mr. J. CLARK, of 21, South Island Place, Brixton Road, London, S.W., writes:—"Although I was not able to rise from a sitting position without the aid of a chair, I was able to stand and walk after the application of St. Jacobs Oil."

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ROBERT GEORGE WATTS, M.A., M.D., M.R.C.S., of Albion House, Quadrant Road, Canonbury, N., writes:—"I cannot refrain from testifying to the very great efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil in all cases of chronic rheumatism, sciatica, and neuralgia."

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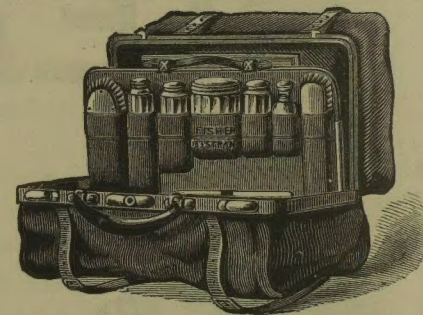
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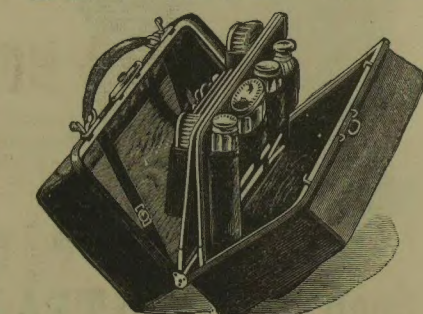
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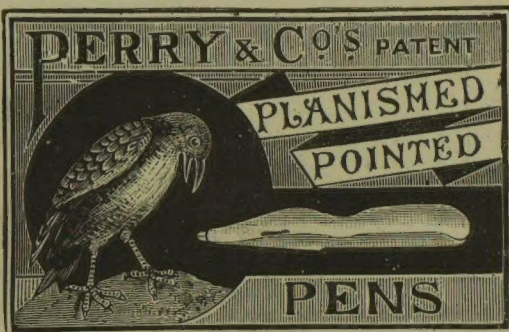
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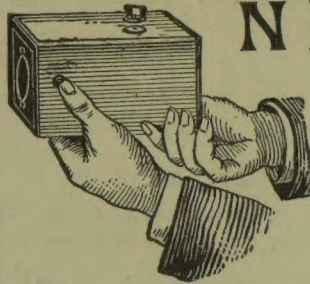
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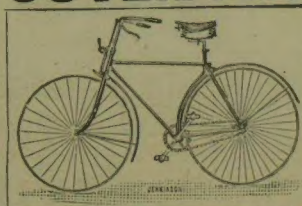
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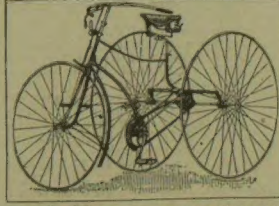
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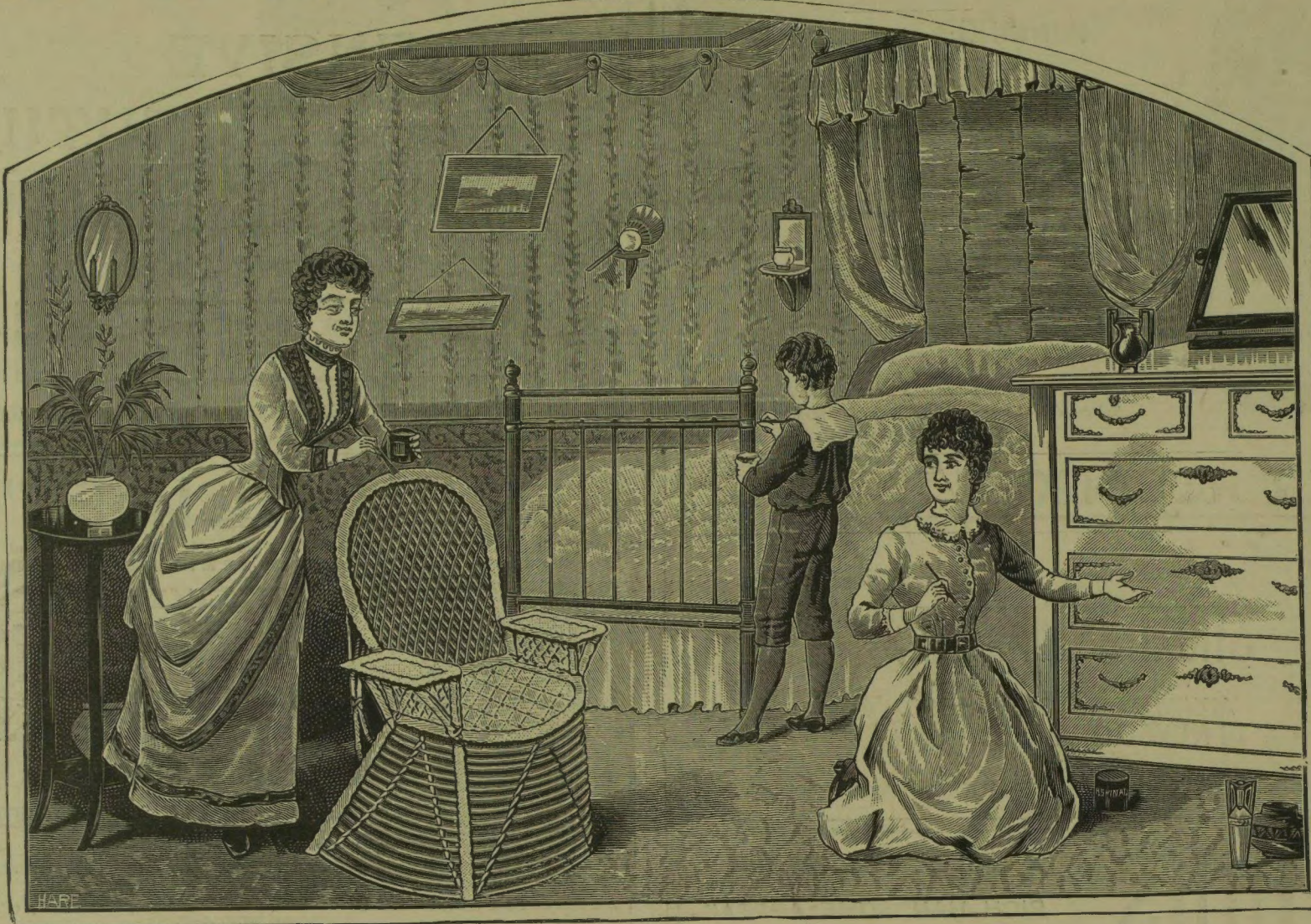
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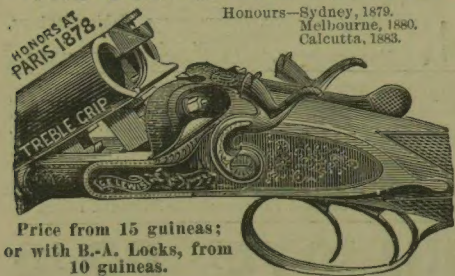


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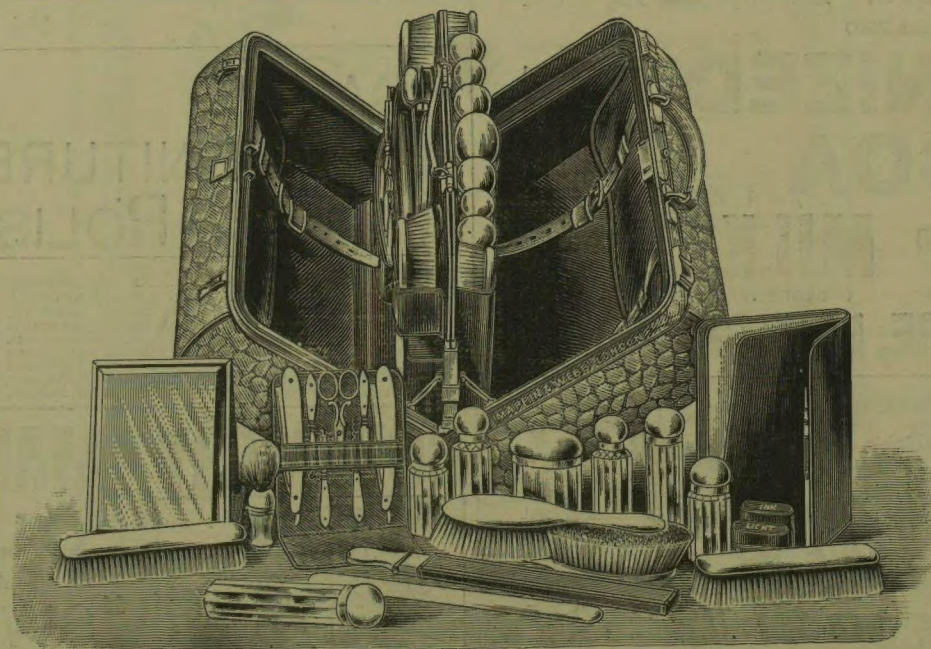


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